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Canst thou destroy divine Compassion? Compassion is no attribute. It is the Law of Laws—eternal Harmony, Alaya's Self; a shoreless universal essence, the light of everlasting right, and fitness of all things, the law of Love eternal. The more thou dost become at one with it, thy being melted in its Being, the more thy Soul unites with that which Is, the more thou wilt become Compassion Absolute. Such is the Arya Path, Path of the Buddhas of perfection.

—The Voice of the Silence

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THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way"—however dimly, and lost among the host—as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—The Voice of the Silence

VOL. XXV JANUARY 1954 No. 1

"THUS HAVE I HEARD"—

...'tis now spring, and all the pleasures of it displeases me; every other tree blossoms, and I wither; I grow older, and not better; my strength diminished, and my load grows heavier; and yet I would fain be or do something; but that I cannot tell what, is no wonder in this time of my sadness.

Good news comes from the University of California. All lovers of literature will rejoice to learn that an authentic ten-volume edition of all the extant sermons of John Donne (of which the first is already published) has been planned. The editors, George R. Potter and Evelyn M. Simpson, are known scholars of the 17th century poet-preacher. Many are familiar with Donne's poems but comparatively a few, especially in India, are familiar with his sermons.

The story of Donne's great life is told by his friend and admirer Izaak Walton; it is one of the finest biographies existing in English. The critical point in Donne's life was his inner Repentance-Conversion which turned him from the "wild living and licentious wooing" of which his poems sing so graphically, to his making peace with his God "by penitential resolutions." During this period of affliction and awakening he wrote the above quoted words—those of an agonized heart. He had already had his famous mystical psychic experience in France, which must have contributed greatly to that inner conversion. This led him to the career of the preacher, mainly owing to the insight of King James.

The sermons will fill ten volumes; only a very few will read them through; but those who have tasted the wisdom and beauty in the passages selected by Logan Pearsall Smith and published by Oxford in 1919, will wish to possess this complete edition for—"a little more." We would like our readers to experience the charm of Donne's words, and those who know them already will rejoice, we feel sure, to re-read them:—

We have the book of God, the Law, written in our own hearts; we have the image of God imprinted in our own

souls; wee have the character, and seal of God stamped in us, in our baptism; and, all this is bound up in this velim, in this parchmin, in this skin of ours, and we neglect book, and image, and character, and seal, and all for the covering.

He that purchases a Mannor, will thinke to have an exact Survey of the Land: But who thinks of taking so exact a survey of his Conscience, how that money was got, that purchased that Mannor? We call that a mans meanes, which he hath; But that is truly his meanes, what way he came by it. And yet how few are there, (when a state comes to any great proportion) that know that; that know what they have, what they are worth?

No image, but the image of God, can fit our soul; every other seal is too narrow, too shallow for it. The magistrate is sealed with the *Lion*; the *Wolf* will not fit that seal: the magistrate hath a *power* in his hand, but not *oppression*. Princes are sealed with the *Crown*; the *Mitre* will not fit that seal.

Men of inferior and laborious callings in the world are sealed with the *Crosse*; *a Rose*, or a *bunch of Grapes* will not answer that seal: ease and plentie in age must not be looked for without crosses, and labour, and industrie in youth. All men, Prince, and people; Clergie, and Magistrate, are sealed with the image of God, with a conformitie to him; and worldly seals will not answer that, nor fill up that seal.

Every man is under that complicated disease, and that ridling distemper, not to be content with the most, and yet to proud of the least thing hee hath; that when he looks upon men, he dispises them, because he is some kind of Officer, and when he looks upon God, hee murmures at him, because he made him not a King.

The world is a Sea in many respects and assimilations. It is a Sea, as it is subject to stormes, and tempests; Every man (and every man is a world) feels that. And then, it is never the shallower for the calmnesse, The Sea is as deepe, there is as much water in the Sea, in a calme, as in a storme; we may be drowned in a calme and flattering fortune, in prosperity, as irrecoverably, as in a wrought Sea, in adversity; So the world is a Sea.

One of the most convenient Hieroglyphicks of God, is a Circle; and a Circle is endlesse; whom God loves, hee loves to the end: and not only to their own end; to their death, but to his end, and his end is, that he might love them still.

Light of Nature, reason, is our light.

The body of all, the substance of all is safe, as long as the soule is safe.

God gives us, not only that which is merely necessary, but that which is convenient too; He does not onely feed us, but *feed us with marrow, and with fatnesse*; he gives us our instruction in cheerfull forms, not in a sowre, and sullen, and angry, and unacceptable way, but cheerfully.

SHRAVAKA

THE PROBLEM OF FREE WILL IN SHAKESPEARE

[**Mr. Roy Walker,** the writer of this thoughtful Shakespearian study, is a man of wide interests. His pen and voice have been for years at the service of the peace and food-reform movements; he is also a biographer of Gandhiji (*Sword of Gold*) and the compiler of *The Wisdom of Gandhi*, besides being a dramatic and literary critic of distinction. Among his numerous volumes are several critical works, including studies of *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*. Mr. Walker is well known for his lectures on Shakespeare at Stratford in five successive years and in London and elsewhere for the British Council.—ED.]

To discuss the problem of free will in Shakespeare, as I have been invited to do, is to explore a philosophic concept in a poetic context. Conceptual and intuitive knowledge are of opposite orders, though each may borrow from the other. In poetry, ideas suffer "a sea-change into something rich and strange." The philosopher who is intent only on fishing them up may find that what was a flash of living silver in the depths is so poor a catch that the only thing to do with it is to throw it back again.

There are, in fact, more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in philosophy, and it is the poet's business to dream about them. Taking this global and indeed cosmic glimpse of things, the poet-dramatist will "divide, and burn in many places," like Ariel amazing the storm-tossed mariners. It is therefore unwise to expect him to take sides as between those venerable philosophic antagonists, determinism and free will. He finds nothing strange in the notion that the more violently they quarrel, the more artfully may they be playing up to each other.

Looking for common ground between philosopher and poet, we might expect to find the latter predisposed towards free will by the nature of his art. In an introduction to philosophy I find three excellent general observations that seem to point in this direction. The immediate experience of free will, we are reminded, is so strong that we remain unconvinced by even the most conclusive arguments for determinism. Immediate experience, we may reflect, as opposed to argumentation, is the very stuff of poetry. But on coming to the arguments we are told that those in favour of free will depend upon and presuppose a creative view of mental processes. These arguments, rather than the contrary ones, must then surely appeal to the creative artist. Finally, philosophical arguments for and against free will are valid, the philosophers assure us, only on the assumption that a particular view of the universe is in its broad out-

lines true. Is not the poet's view of the universe—I have already said that it is a cosmic and not merely a terrestrial view—likely to be of a creation, of which his own creative work is in some measure the microcosm ?

But the immediate experience of the creative artist is also that of endeavour to transform more or less recalcitrant material ; he is aware that there are necessary limitations to his own freedom ; and his universe is likely to be one in which there are comparable qualifications, beneficent or baleful, to the freedom of the individual will. The poetic dramatist, who must speak directly to an audience of his own contemporaries, is also profoundly affected by the dominant experiences and formulations of his own age, however much these may be variations on eternal themes. The experience of Western civilization, for instance, obviously exhibits a development from an apprehension of lying at the mercy of environment, of a Nature that must be wooed and propitiated, to a somewhat arrogant confidence in new power to remake the world in our image, or at any rate for our own convenience.

Thus we are not surprised to find Sir Maurice Bowra commenting on the end of *Philoctetes* that " all has happened and will happen as Fate rules. " The Sophoclean protagonists are not so much masters of their fate, or even creators of the fate that ultimately masters them, as victims of enigmatic powers beyond their comprehension and control. They may choose only the way in which they will endure their destiny, suffer it ignobly or, as with Œdipus, pass through an inferno to a final transfiguration in which they are somehow reconciled to the inscrutable will of the dark gods.

In our own time, notwithstanding formidable counter-attacks by determinism on the new levels of science, psychology and materialism, a typical dramatic figure is that of M. Jean-Paul Sartre. In his plays destiny lies so much within the will of his protagonists that any action is possible to them, and even if the deed chosen is a terrible murder, remorse is meaningless. But here the ultimate bankruptcy of " free will " becomes manifest. There are no longer universal or final truths, or even inscrutable gods. Every individual choice is a blind choice, a voyage into the unknown with no stars by which to lay a course.

Shakespeare stands in the tide of time midway between Sophocles and Sartre. It is possible to find in his plays the images of both experiences, but in the whole body of his work these seem to be contained in the great counterpoise of human experience that we recognize as the Renaissance, and which is epitomized in Shakespeare as the mediæval synthesis is in Dante.

King Lear is almost a Sophoclean tragedy, notwithstanding the fact that the disasters are precipitated by a fatal flaw in the character of its protagonist. When we have

finally endured the death of the innocent Cordelia, we come away still haunted by the words of the blind Duke of Gloucester :—

> As flies to wanton boys are we to th' gods—
> They kill us for their sport.

Yet the same man, like the blind Œdipus at Colonnus, afterwards said :—

> You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me ;
> Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
> To die before you please !

Gloucester in his blindness, like Lear in his madness, found new vision, a wisdom that somehow puts him beyond the reach of the worst that can befall him in this world.

As men are to the gods, one is tempted to add, so are women in a man-made world. The innocent and faithful Cordelia, and the equally virtuous Ophelia and Desdemona too are destroyed by forces about them which they do not comprehend and did not set in motion, so that to speak of free will in connection with them is but a mockery. Indeed there is only one occasion when Shakespeare actually uses the term free will, and then it is with a touch of tragic irony. In *Antony and Cleopatra*, Cæsar is indignant that his sister should have come unheralded to Rome. Octavia, anxious to excuse her husband, declares that she came thus of her own free will, to make peace between the two overlords of the world. She is at once told that Antony has deserted her for Cleopatra, ruining her mission before she can even plead her cause.

Nevertheless, one of the most urgent dilemmas in Shakespeare is forced upon the heroine of *Measure for Measure*, who is made to believe that it rests solely in her choice to save or doom her brother by her acceptance or rejection of Angelo's dishonourable terms. Even here, it may be noted, the fate of Claudio really rests with the disguised Duke who is watching all, unknown to Isabella. Whatever modern standards may say, there can be no doubt that the play judges Isabella's right to overrule her personal feelings and submit to the authority of her religious principles.

Perhaps the most explicit statement of the balance of forces that sways human destiny is that given to another of Shakespeare's heroines. Helena, in *All's Well That Ends Well*, says :—

> Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
> Which we ascribe to heaven. The fated sky
> Gives us free scope ; only doth backward pull
> Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.

To many modern readers this may appear to be simply a paraphrase of the more succinct and familiar argument of Cassius :—

> The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
> But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

But Cassius is among those numerous Shakespearian characters who defy the stars ; he seeks to wrest the purpose of heaven to his private will. I can think of no instance in Shakespeare where any one who does so remains alive until the end of the play. Cassius, Antony, Romeo, who outstare the lightning or defy the stars, are all destroyed. Hotspur

mocks the prognostications of Glendower, but perishes in a battle from which the Welshman has kept away, warned by portents in the heavens.

Edmund, in *King Lear*, is perhaps the best example of all, a thoroughly Sartrian character in a very un-Sartrian universe. Modern audiences, unaccustomed to hear veneration for an unseen ordering of things expressed in astrological terms that seemed natural enough to the Elizabethans, tend to sympathize with Edmund when he laughs at his father's brooding over what will follow the recent eclipses of the sun and moon. Edmund the bastard says, as soon as his father has gone :—

This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune, often the surfeit of our own behaviour, we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon and the stars.

We do not need to wait for Edmund's undoing to know that, though his father is shown as credulous in that scene and there is something manly in Edmund's self-reliance, he has also proved himself a bastard to the eternal order of things.

It is in tragedy, of course, that man's encounter with the universe is most intense. In the two most famous Shakespearian tragedies opposite attitudes of human will to the eternal powers are memorably dramatized. Both Macbeth and Lady Macbeth think to use supernatural evil for their private purposes, only to find that when the stars are hidden by the cloud of dark and the torches are snuffed on earth, the inner light goes out too like a brief candle, and life itself becomes a tale " full of sound and fury, signifying nothing "—unless it be the coming of the drama of Sartre.

Hamlet is visited by a spirit that walks :—

When yond same star that's westward from the pole
Had made his course t'illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns....

His dedication to the task thus supernaturally laid upon him is also a repudiation of all private purposes and pleasures :—

Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there,
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter. Yes, by heaven!

Although Hamlet must still suffer in this world, and know the doubt that the spirit he has seen may be the devil, he finally reaches a mystical acceptance in which his own will is one with that of the powers whose scourge and minister he believes himself to be :—

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

When the challenge to fight a friendly duel with Laertes comes, cloaking the plot upon his life, Hamlet feels that his fate is upon him. His inward peace now rises to a specifically Biblical image : " ... there's a special providence in the

fall of a sparrow....The readiness is all."

These are lines that resolve the philosophical opposition of free will and determinism in terms of a will correct to Heaven, a resolution that has its analogue in the wisdom traditions of the world. But it is still corruption's dream of salvation, and the poet has to endure the wrenching apart from mankind that finds tormented expression in *Timon of Athens* and *Coriolanus* before he can conjure up those miraculous reconciliations of the corrected will in the final plays. With Caliban at last under control and human love purified, Ariel is liberated and in a final sense human will has become purified into its only true freedom.

ROY WALKER

QUAKERS AND NON-CHRISTIANS

Dr. Arthur E. Morgan, eminent American educationist and author, recently presented to some major groups of the Society of Friends, as a practical step toward world peace and general good-will, the proposal that they recognize their Society, and Christianity in general, as simply one among many of the ways by which men have endeavoured to approach truth and the good life. Further, he suggests that Friends indicate readiness to accept as Members those of other faiths with ethical and spiritual standards compatible with their own. A statement he prepared for the "Lake Erie Association of Friends" (August 1953) embodies his ideas, some of the most significant of which follow:—

> If universal brotherhood in religion is to be achieved, it will not be by the process of acceptance of the Christian Church by the rest of the world, but by a more inclusive fellowship in which all religions have equality of status.
>
> ...we should see ourselves as searchers for truth and should see other peoples as also searchers for truth through other religions, then, as fellow searchers with them we could develop a sense of brotherhood and good will.
>
> Until one realizes that his deep inner feeling of certainty is not adequate evidence of certainty, he has not really begun to inquire.
>
> In every great religion there are many adherents who are seeing beyond the horizons of their particular faith. For them to find that a religious body in a so-called Christian land had a similar outlook might give them courage and a pattern of action which would lead them to take a similar course.

Dr. Morgan records that when Horace Alexander, an eminent English Quaker, asked Gandhiji whether he thought the Society of Friends might provide a meeting ground for a religious fellowship, he was answered:—

> ...only on one condition: are they prepared to recognize that it is as natural for a Hindu to grow into a Friend as it is for a Christian to grow into one?

This is indeed the test, but "opportunity for such action exists today" as Dr. Morgan observes, adding that many individuals are expressing interest in and approval of his proposal and that some groups of Friends are already acting upon it.

THE SECRET DOCTRINES OF THE ANCIENT HINDUS

[**Shri H. G. Narahari, M.A., M.Litt.**, assembles here abundant and, it would seem, conclusive evidence for the ancient Indian philosophers' having had doctrines which they withheld from the profane. The writer accepts the possibility of the treasured wisdom of ancient India having disappeared. Is it not more reasonable to suppose that, as tradition has it, the records still exist, safe from Western spoliating hands, to reappear in some more enlightened age? Be that as it may, Shri Narahari has amply shown the absurdity of the position that one Western writer had taken, that there were no teachings of ancient philosophers which they did not make available to all and sundry.—ED.]

It was with the utmost interest that I read, in the April 1953 number of THE ARYAN PATH (p. 165), the note bearing the caption: "A Scholarly '*Ipse Dixit.*'" Plato's own words cited here are quite enough to show the untenability of the proposal that

> the whole idea [that the ancient philosophers had secret doctrines which they did not publish] had better be discarded as another legend dating from the time when superstition was taking the place of reason.

I write these lines by way of an answer to the query in that note:—

> Is it likely that such great teachers as Pythagoras and Plato, any more than the ancient Hindu Sages or the Buddha, Jesus or Paul, made no distinction in what they taught the masses and what they gave to the tested and proven few?

Every serious student of ancient Indian literature is aware that the Veda, as we now have it, is by no means complete, but is rather a tiny fragment of what should have been a great collection of hymns and formulæ. This modern conjecture has the full support of tradition, which would have us understand[1] that originally there were 5 branches (*Śakhās*) of the *Ṛgveda*, 86 of the *Yajurveda*, 1,000 of the *Sāmaveda* and 9 of the *Atharvaveda*. Of these, a single text of the *Ṛgveda*, 5 of the *Yajurveda*, 3 of the *Sāmaveda* and 2 of the *Atharvaveda*, are available; and a few more are known only by name. The remaining ones are lost to us, having disappeared along with the last of the men who had memorized them. Such a calamity could have been averted if the texts had been written down. It cannot be maintained with certainty that, at the time these texts became extinct, the art of writing had not yet come into vogue. There is ample evidence to show that writing has been known in India for centuries without being used for literary

[1] *The Caranavyuha* of Saunaka. (Benares, 1903), pp. 10ff.

purposes.[2] Though the oldest Indian script, Brāhmī, is found on the stone of Mesa about 890 B.C., the eldest datable inscriptions that we now have are the Edicts of Aśoka of the 3rd century B.C.

One of the very important reasons why the oral transmission of texts was preferred to the written must have been the anxiety of the teacher to keep the doctrine in the custody of the "tested and proven few." India's oldest philologist, Yāska, (seventh century B.C.) puts the idea very poetically indeed when he makes Knowledge (*Vidyā*) herself exhort her custodian, a learned Brahmin preceptor, on how best to prevent her misuse and preserve her value :—[3]

Verily Knowledge approached Brāhmaṇa: "Protect me, I am thy treasure. Do not expound me to the scornful, nor to the crooked-minded, nor even to one who has no self-control; thus shall I grow powerful.

In order to protect thy treasure, O Brahman, expound me to him alone whom thou knowest to be pure, diligent, intelligent, observing the rules of a celibate life and bearing no enmity towards thee.

There is no doubt at all of the fact that the Itihāsas and Purāṇas are chronologically later than the Vedas; but, as tradition would have it, they are the authorized interpreters of the Vedic teaching for the benefit of those whose learning is not of the standard required for the understanding of the Veda and who would otherwise misinterpret the difficult sacred text and drag it into disrepute.

Etymologically the very word "Upaniṣad" means a "Secret Doctrine," and it is very interesting to note that within the Upaniṣads themselves there are certain portions which are secret and not meant for all and sundry. The doctrine of Reincarnation (*Saṁsāra*) appears to belong to this class of teachings as can be gathered from the *Bṛhadāraṇyaka Upaniṣad*[4] which narrates the story of King Janaka of Videha who once offered a thousand cows, richly decked in gold, to the most learned Brahmin in his Court. When all others were still hesitant what to do, Yājñavalkya asked his pupil to drive the cows to his house. Thereupon Aśvala, the Hotṛ-priest of the King, engages Yājñavalkya in a debate, only to be silenced by the latter after a time. Jāratkārava Ārtabhāga takes his turn and asks:—

Yājñavalkya, when the speech of a dead man enters into Fire, his breath into Air, his eye into the Sun, his Manas into the Moon, his ear into Space, his body into the Earth, his Ātman into Ether, the hairs of his body into herbs, the hairs of his head into trees and his blood and seed into water, where then does this man remain?

Yājñavalkya replies:—

Ārtabhāga, my dear, take my

[2] Winternitz, *History of Indian Literature*. (Calcutta, 1927), I. 31ff.

[3] *Nirukta*, II. 4.

[4] Chapter III.

hand. Only we two will know of this; this cannot be decided amidst a crowd.

And the two went aside, deliberated in secret and decided that *Karma* is that which remains after the process.[5] The same Upaniṣad elsewhere[6] declares that the ceremony for achieving greatness is occult and may not be imparted to one who is neither a son nor a pupil.

In the *Chāndogya Upaniṣad*[7] the secret doctrine (*upaniṣad*) of Brahman belongs to this class, and may be taught only to the eldest son or to a worthy pupil but to none else at all. In the *Maitri Upaniṣad*[8] the same doctrine is known as *Brahmavidyā*, the most profound secret (*guhyatama*); and, in the *Śvetāśvatara*,[9] it even becomes the most profound secret in the Vedānta (*Vedānte paramaṁ guhyam*) and along with those to whom it is usually prohibited to disclose it is the man who is not tranquil (*apraśāntāya*).[10]

Even the celebrated *Bhagavadgītā*, whose teachings are meant for all in all walks of life, has certain doctrines marked out as occult or secret (*guhya*). The discipline of Knowledge (*Jñāna*) and the knowledge of the Supreme Person (*Puruṣottama*) are indeed very profound secrets (*guhyatama*); but the most profound secret of all (*sarvaguhyatama*) is the doctrine of absolute self-surrender (*Śaraṇa*), and this can be imparted unto Arjuna only because the Lord is pleased with him :—

Nay! but once more
Take My last word, My utmost meaning have!
Precious thou art to Me; right well-beloved!
Listen! I tell thee for thy comfort this.
Give Me thy heart! adore Me! serve Me! cling
In faith and love and reverence to Me!
So shalt thou come to Me! I promise true,
For thou art sweet to Me!
And let go those—
Rites and writ duties! Fly to Me alone!
Make Me thy single refuge! I will free
Thy soul from all its sins! Be of good cheer![11]

And so important is this doctrine that it should be withheld always

....from him that hath no faith,
Him that worships not, nor seeks
Wisdom's teaching when she speaks:
....from all men who mock.[12]

These passages are enough to show that the ancient Hindus did believe that it was unsafe to declare their more important doctrines to everyone and that they attached as much value to the prevention of the misuse of knowledge as to the extent of its appeal.

H. G. NARAHARI

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[5] III. 2. 13.
[6] VI. 3. 12.
[7] III. 11. 5.
[8] VI. 29.
[9] VI. 22.
[10] A similar prohibition occurs in the *Mundaka Upanisad*, III. 2. 10-11.
[11] *Bhagavadgita* XVIII. 64ff., translated by Sir Edwin Arnold (London, 1899), p. 109.
[12] *Ibid.*

IS READING ABILITY ESSENTIAL?

[The question raised in this article by **Miss Elizabeth Cross**, a teacher who is given to thinking for herself, challenges established attitudes, including the common "deference for the literate," and will seem to many almost *lèse-majesté*. The value of other activities than the acquisition of reading skill does, however, as she brings out, deserve reassessment. Literacy is not properly an end in itself; it may serve the purposes of the propagandist as readily as those of the educator; and there are other ways, as India has known for centuries, in which cultural values can be handed down.—ED.]

Is reading ability essential? Essential to what? Essential to salvation, one would presume, judging by the spasmodic outcries in the Western press. Nothing is more calculated to shock and horrify any serious meeting, from the Women's Institutes to the House of Lords, than to suggest that a man may lead a good, moral and useful life without being able to read. Nearly all good citizens are of the opinion that education begins and may well end with reading, and that once a child can read he will be "all right" (whatever that may mean). "Reading is the most essential of the tool subjects" they declaim, and are all positive that reading ability will lead to higher things, that the growing child will climb from one good book to another. At the same time they make a great fuss over immoral "comics" and trashy literature, classing the influence of these with the worst products of the cinema.

Surely there is some slight conflict here. First, it is essential for the child to learn to read, then all will be well. Secondly, we discover that many children read all the wrong things, and, judging by the sales of sex and crime novels, so do their elders and betters.

As a teacher, and as a writer, I am professionally interested in this ability to read. In fact I take a somewhat sinful pride in the fact that no child has escaped from my class without being able to read a simple story happily. I have taught high-grade mental defectives to read fluently and with enjoyment. In fact I almost live and breathe the technique of teaching reading, and have myself read enough books on the art to stretch to the moon. At the same time I think the whole subject is a vastly inflated balloon about which more nonsense has been talked and written than on almost any other, save perhaps psychology! Any child who has the capacity to benefit by being able to read will learn with the minimum of help and trouble at whatever age he himself chooses. Extremely clever children will teach themselves at around four or five years of age. So-called normal children will see the point of almost any method around six.

I remember quite clearly learning

myself. I was very delicate and so often ill that I was "read to" for years, and did not go to school until the age of six. The teaching method used then was a mixture, partly phonetic, in which we built up words by sounds. I listened politely and watched the teacher, and then I quite suddenly saw the point. It was simple and I was very much obliged to her. I also sighed in sympathy with her when the slower children could not understand. From that day I began to read, and I remember no more about it, except that long words often had to be puzzled over, and I pronounced Ceylon as Kaylon, much to my father's amusement.

I am sure that children can learn easily when they are ready, but I am equally sure that some children will never be ready until they are almost adult—some not even then. I believe that this very late maturing is the reason why so many recruits learn to read and write fairly well when they enter the army. One factor is that they have developed; another is that they have every reason to *want* to learn—they feel it is their last chance, perhaps, and they want to write home, to read their letters, orders of the day and so on.

We in the schools do everything in our power to make the children *want* to learn, and in the majority of efficient schools we are successful, in the primary stages. Later, however, the slow and backward reader finds life more difficult, because in the senior schools his reading is truly a tool subject. He is reading more and more difficult material in order to learn definite subjects, and his slowness hampers him terribly. He begins to feel really inferior.

This feeling of inferiority is my main theme and it is a subject on which I feel most deeply. The whole system of English education today is lined up against the backward and poor reader. The authorities, the inspectors, the Heads, the class teachers, are all determined to turn out fluent readers. Many people's very jobs depend on it. These people, actuated by the very best motive, that of doing what they consider to be for the child's good, are determined that every child shall learn to read. By this very determination they make every poor reader feel guilty and inferior. The more insensitive adults make it clear that poor readers are lazy, stupid children. The more intelligent and kinder ones go the opposite way by rewarding every effort, by praise and encouragement to every child who makes some progress, and swallow their sighs over the backward ones. Sometimes the backward ones are left to wallow in their confusion, more often they are worked on, drilled, patiently trained, until some success is shown. In every case the result is the same—a general atmosphere throughout every school that *Reading is Important.* If you can read well you are Good and Clever and you will Do Well and go to the High School. If you can't read well,

you are Lazy, or Stupid, or both, and will end up as a Juvenile Delinquent and spend all your time in prison or at the cinema.

But, you may say, wasn't reading always considered important in the schools? Yes, but in the old-fashioned village school many other things were important too. Learning by heart took a very big place, and many a child shone by knowing his tables, by learning long hymns and extracts from the Bible. Many a child was happy reciting definitions and descriptions of geographical facts, whether he knew what he was talking about or not. He was *approved of* and that is the most important thing in the life of any child.

The child can feel if he is doing what is expected of him, whether he is told explicitly or not. Today the poor reader can feel this atmosphere of disapproval, even despair, from his well-meaning teachers, and in many cases this feeling is the true beginning of general naughtiness and delinquency. If he cannot be noticed with approval, then very often he chooses to "show off" and be a "tough guy" and to get alarmed admiration from his fellows by all kinds of daring misbehaviour.

Another reason why this emphasis on reading is more dangerous today than it was in the past is the gradual raising of the school-leaving age. In the bad old days many a strong useful boy left school at 12, even 11 (with the authorities showing a blind eye) and became a successful helper in farm or shop. It didn't matter to the shepherd whether the boy could read or not, and a country boy knew this almost from babyhood. He was a useful boy, out of school, and he just took from school what he could, in the way of learning to count and add up, maybe helping teacher with the garden, carrying water and so on, and looked forward to his emancipation. Often his teacher would do his best, but not worry unduly over the illiterate, respecting the boy's worth as a country worker and making sure he was obedient, honest and helpful.

Today no one can leave school until he is 15—a dreary time to be doing what you do not appreciate, even in the best of schools! Many a modern school does its best with practical training, hand-work, film-making, housewifery and so on, but to the particular type of child I am considering it all seems rather unreal and his lack of reading ability too often cramps him in many another subject, even in drama or hand-work, where there may be written instructions.

The final problem which confronts the teacher of reading today is one which is too seldom admitted. That is the problem of low intelligence. The practical teacher, over the past 20 years, has had ample opportunity of observing that the general level of intelligence in general classes is getting lower. Those of us who have come back to teaching after a break notice it even more. The explanation seems simple enough: all our stupidest pupils, boys and girls,

have grown up, married and had large families of stupid children, dear little souls most of them, and lovable and valuable, but just plain stupid. Our clever boys and girls have often not married at all or, if they have, they have one child, two at the most. Take any low-grade child in any school and you are pretty sure to find that he has a fine set of brothers and sisters and some babies at home ready to come along to school and drive the teacher to distraction! Take any clever child and you find he is from a very small family. It seems to me such simple biology that I can't imagine why the Ministry of Education ignores the matter. The lower grades increase enormously, the more intellectual don't reproduce.

Now, as it appears that we, in England at any rate, are carefully breeding an unintelligent population which will find more and more difficulty in learning to read, it is high time that we abandoned this excessive dependence on reading. Modern life is not so intellectual as people like to make out. Factory work needs little intelligence and a fairly small number of clever technicians are quite sufficient to run the show. Why not admit that there is plenty of value in other activities: in general service, in moral qualities, in watching birds, in feeding animals, in art, simple music and so on? We pay lip service to all these things, but we don't really admire a child who paints a lively picture half as much as one who writes a perfect essay. We are still weighed down with deference for the literate.

After all, for hundreds of years hundreds of people could neither read nor write, but lived valuable and moral lives by other means. We need not re-enter the dark ages if we acknowledge that today, too, some people benefit truly by literacy, while others find the task beyond them. In the past the story-teller, the ballad singer, the preacher and the wandering friar passed on much knowledge and literature. Today we have the wireless, the cinema and television, all means by which the truly literate could educate and entertain those who need their help. In any case I could make a plea for the children who are not ready and cannot learn to read easily, but I am sure it is unlikely to be very successful.

ELIZABETH CROSS

AMERICANISM REVIEWED

[The present leading position of the U. S. A. in the councils of the nations makes its people's attitude and outlook matters of concern throughout the world. **Dr. V. K. Chari's** sympathetic approach in this article to the qualities and achievements of the American people as also to the problem of democracy in their country will be welcome to many in the U. S. A. as well as elsewhere who are alive to the present need of reaffirming and of implementing traditional ideals.—ED.]

"World history is more likely to be shaped by American history for the next half century than by any other element..." said Harold J. Laski in his *American Democracy*. The emergence of America as a world power is one of the most astounding events of modern history, considering the surprisingly brief preparation that went before it. America has so greatly influenced our life and thought that the speed with which it is expanding seems to be almost overwhelming us. That it will continue to shape the course of events and influence the political and economic lives of peoples in an ever-widening area seems inevitable. The development of America is therefore of as vital a concern to the rest of the world as it is to the Americans themselves, for how history is to be shaped depends on how "Americanism" itself is shaped.

It is time that we re-examined the values for which Americanism stands before we accept it or reject it with an unquestioning mind; time, too, that Americans themselves paused to look upon their own achievements and to clarify for themselves the implications of their own progress.

"Americanism" is understood to be a term for material and technological progress and for sheer physical expansion. This is accurate only in so far as the wealth and prosperity of America are responsible for her influence in the present-day world. America has no doubt conquered the world by the sheer enormousness of her production, and has become a pivotal factor in international development. But it is reassuring that "Americanism" also denotes a culture, that it signifies the character of a people who have certainly something distinctive to give to the world. American culture is a unique blend produced by the interaction of diverse forces, races, ideas and customs, modified by the impact of a new environment.

The Americans are an adventurous, pioneering people; a restless and irrepressible energy is characteristic of them. Their history and natural environment have made them an active people with Work as their worship, and have bred in them a practical attitude which values action more highly than contemplation, work more than leisure.

These qualities are extremely

valuable for the development of peace and prosperity in a democracy in which people are keenly conscious of their individual and collective responsibilities and work untiringly for their own well-being and comfort. But these very qualities when developed to excess may produce inner contradictions which will distort human society and sap the vitality of democracy.

In the history of the United States a stage of deep emotional crisis born of disillusionment has perhaps been reached. Industrialization, mass production and consequent centralization of wealth have profoundly affected American democracy. They have brought about a large-scale social transformation, leading to the diminution of the individual and producing a deep feeling of uneasiness and frustration. Amid all the immense achievements there are signs of a slow decomposition of faith. Conscientious thinkers outside and a powerful section of the intellectuals within the country may be feeling that the American promise remains unfulfilled and that the American people have belied the expectations of their forbears and founders.

What lies at the root of the present *malaise*? The development of America has been unequal and ill-balanced. Americans have made giant strides towards material expansion and prosperity without a corresponding advance toward spiritual self-integration. In their anxiety to build a prosperous world they have sacrificed the contemplative to the active values; in trying always "to do," they have lost the pleasure of Being. In their anxiety to build a New World they have for the most part eagerly and sedulously fled from everything, even the good, for which the old world stood. But it was a great American poet who sang:—

> I loafe and invite my soul....

In the "pep" and "hustle" that are modern America the voice of the soul is largely unheeded. In the midst of the feverish competitive struggle and business rush the Americans have displayed a lack of the qualities of stability and repose. Pragmatic philosophy has in effect deified action as an end in itself and, by glorifying the struggle of life, has discredited the search for ultimate meanings and purposes. But action, or its physical expression at least, must have a stop somewhere; and our present pursuits acquire meaning only in the light of an ultimate Ideal. Action is but a preparation; it is consummated in contemplation. Even Marx held out some leisure for all as an ultimate goal of Communism. Ceaseless activity and expansion will lead the world to terrible clashes and will prove to be the enemy of peace.

Great men like Emerson and Thoreau perceived this vital danger inherent in American democracy and warned that America, in her intoxicating sense of puissance and prosperity, might drift

toward a purely materialistic civilization. Whitman warned his countrymen that without the infusion of a spiritualizing force American democracy would prove to be a colossal failure. America perhaps needs a sobering influence to counteract and mitigate her excessive dynamism. In the past, civilizations have arisen only to fall when, in reckless zeal for expansion they have lost the power of refreshing their inner lives.

India might offer America a corrective to the excesses in her character and Americans might do well to study the Indian sense of values and readjust their own values in its light. This is not to suggest that Americanism lacks inherent sustaining strength. The inspiration that can revitalize Americanism is contained within itself. What is needed is a clarification and reaffirmation of the historic American values, those which its founders and great men conceived and aspired after. That America has great potentialities for the building of human civilization is certain; but how her people will shape their destinies and fulfil themselves will depend on whether they understand Americanism as a moral and spiritual faith or as a technological principle. Whitman wrote:—

> How can I pierce the impenetrable blank of the future?
> I feel thy ominous greatness evil as well as good.

At this moment, when America is on the eve of momentous decisions and is becoming increasingly responsible for the turn of world events, it may be well for those who are shaping her course to remember and ponder the great ideals and principles of their masters, which are the underpinnings of the whole structure of American democracy. Especially they may with profit ponder the message of Walt Whitman, their greatest prophet of democracy, review their achievements in its light and possibly correct their present attitudes. There is need today, more than ever before, to proclaim and reaffirm the democratic possibilities envisaged by Whitman, for the stake for which we are striving and struggling is no less than the future and security of democracy itself.

Today America has taken upon herself the noblest of tasks, that of preserving democratic institutions. She is fighting heroically against the forces that are working to the derogation of the individual. But how far she will succeed in her difficult task will depend on how clearly she can recognize and how positively she will reaffirm the faith that democracy is something more than a political system or a form of government, that its meaning is deeper than political theorists can define, and that its object is not simply to build a prosperous world but also to liberate and preserve the individual. For the spirit of individualism is the quintessence of American democracy as conceived by Whitman and others. Whitman's faith was built upon the conviction of the intrinsic worth of every hu-

man being—"the divine pride of man in himself," as he called it. According to him, democracy was the surest safeguard and guarantee of individual values. Its ultimate purpose was to protect and cultivate the highest spiritual values found in the individual soul, to raise the spiritual level of what he called the "divine average." A democracy that contented itself with its achievements in industry and technology, with its high productivity and development, would miserably fall short of its highest fulfilment.

Democracy is a means to the forming of individuals, to inner cultivation, and is not its own excuse for being. It is valuable only in so far as it yields spiritual results. Whitman no doubt recognized the value of material welfare and economic enrichment; they were, in fact, indispensable for any inner development. But he clearly perceived the danger in disregarding this essential spiritual element in democracy and in laying an overemphasis on material values. He insisted that the foundations of democracy must always be in the spirit.

It would be tragic if, through moral confusion, man came to exalt success over wisdom and to mistake prosperity for insight. The greatest threat to the security of the democratic idea is this threatened loss of the power to evaluate truly; when man confuses means with ends and allows himself to be mastered by his tools, the machine will become a Frankenstein's monster and override him. Power and prosperity pursued to excess may completely blur our vision and blunt our sense of values. Hence the American Transcendentalists set themselves to the task of creating a new metaphysics for democracy and exploring its moral and spiritual foundations. Whitman suggested idealism as a counterpoise to "the growing excess and arrogance of realism," the modern worship of fact. He constantly reminds us that outward expansion and material aggrandizement are not the criterion of the greatness of a democracy, but the cultivation of "superior and spiritual points of view," from which human achievements can be evaluated. It is only in the light of these ideal values that our practical endeavours will become at all significant. Once men lose this sense of values, they will engage in mean pursuits.

The creating of economic values is not the highest accomplishment and human capacity is not best realized in economic endeavours. The proper ultimate object of economic organization is to furnish a secure basis for the expression of individual capacities in non-economic directions. Through a programme of material orientation we can create the conditions in which human energy can be released for the pursuit of higher values. It is the distinction of Indian culture that it has always shown deeper appreciation of the values of inwardness and depth than of those of expansion and enrichment. It has dedicated

itself to inner seeking and thinking. That is the quintessence of the faith of Whitman also.

Americanism is becoming more and more intricate in the midst of a complex civilization and the controlling of its development will become increasingly difficult. We can only hope that the American people will keep alive the high traditions of their forbears and continuously strive to approximate their present endeavours to the ideals of their great men of the past. Upon this will depend the future fulfilment of the American destiny.

V. K. CHARI

UNIVERSITY FOR UTOPIANS

In the *Saturday Review* of October 17, 1953, appears an article by Robert M. Hutchins, entitled "University for Utopians." He first recalls that the mediæval Italian universities were corporations of students wanting to learn and the French universities were corporations of teachers wanting to teach. At the height of their power, both were independent of secular or religious control. When their freedom was endangered, they would move to another town or threaten to do so.

American universities have always been different. They were and are founded by religious groups or by the state. Mr. Hutchins writes:—

> If a university is to inculcate doctrines endorsed by common opinion and to shun doctrines not so endorsed, those who seek to teach or even to express unpopular doctrines must be disposed of. Academic freedom is thus disposed of, too.

Some instances of this happening in America are given, in former times on religious grounds and today in reference to communism. Mr. Hutchins holds that the educators in the U.S.A. are largely responsible, for they are guided by financial considerations. He admits "that this is a business-civilization," though adding that one of the tasks of educational leadership is to explain to businessmen that a university must be judged by other standards, that it ought to be a centre of independent thought, that it should not necessarily conform to the majority, because: "The rule of the majority without discussion and criticism is tyranny."

Mr. Hutchins's Utopian University would encourage discussion and criticism for, in his opinion, it is through discussion that true Utopianism can be attained. Utopian professors would be members of the educational corporation, who would elect their own colleagues and determine their own programs of study and they would do this under the constant criticism, public and private, of the trustees, because self-criticism is difficult, even in Utopia! A professor would be a citizen and as such he could engage in every activity, public or private, in which other citizens might legally engage.

As a Utopian university symbolizes the aspirations of all the Utopians, it receives the support of the whole people. And America could have a Utopian university if there were enough Americans who wanted it, if the United States would revert to its own traditions, its own genius, its own spirit,

AMERICAN AND INDIAN PHILOSOPHERS

RECIPROCAL INTEREST

[**Prof. P. T. Raju, Ph.D., Sastri,** of the Andhra University, Waltair, describes in this article the impressions, gained from a recent stay in the U.S.A., of the interest of American philosophers, logicians and psychologists in the philosophies of India, as well as in the systems of logic and of psychology. His article brings out well the desirability of a better mutual acquaintance of the thinkers of East and West that the respective shortcomings of the Eastern and the Western systems may be supplied from the insight and experience of each other. There are few more hopeful indications of the growing sense of world unity than the steadily expanding interests and the readiness to pool their findings which are exhibited by many in the vanguard of thought.—ED.]

A leading philosopher in America, paraphrasing the justification offered by a bigot, centuries ago, for destroying a famous library, once remarked: "According to most Western philosophers, if Eastern philosophies say what the Western ones do, they are superfluous; and if they do not, then they are superstitious." The observation still epitomizes the general attitude of the Western towards the Indian thinkers. The observer was Prof. E. A. Burtt of Cornell University. The very fact, however, that there are men like him who feel the need of a deeper understanding of the philosophies of the East by the philosophers of the West shows that the Western interest in Indian philosophy is on the increase.

In India, unfortunately, many enthusiasts have worked themselves into the belief that Western philosophers have realized their mistakes and are therefore turning to the Indian. Once, immediately after the writer had delivered before a South Indian audience a dispassionate address on Indian philosophy today, the next speaker referred to Max Müller and Deussen and informed the audience that the whole West realized how false their own philosophy was and how true was the Indian. There was thunderous applause.

Is it only the masses and such general audiences that think or would like to think with that orator? Not a few among the academical philosophers also would follow him. This is a not uncommon criticism. Many present-day Indian philosophers tend to think that all Western philosophy is materialistic, that Indian philosophy reached the truest and greatest heights, that Western logic does not know the subtilities of Indian logic, and that Western philosophers do not know the most important of all truths, spiritual truth. The fact is that, doctrine for doctrine, materialistic or spiritual, the West has had all that we have had,

with, of course, some important differences. Western visitors and even scholars may humour us by praising our spiritual philosophies. While praising them they do not speak of their own; yet they do not mean that they have no spiritual philosophies. We should not mistake this omission for an acknowledging of their lack. We should not ignore the possibility that, just as those who point to our defects do not mention their own, those who praise us for our ancient spiritual philosophies are not unaware of their own. We should not equate Western culture as a whole with materialistic culture. It is only that Western spirituality is submerged by the terrific material progress the West has been able to make. The spiritual background of their philosophy is ignored as unimportant by some Western philosophers and even by some countries of the West, but not all the Western philosophers have forgotten it; nor are they unaware of its presence even now. Some of the best scientific philosophers have been taking an interest in spiritualistic phenomena; and if there is any truth in these, they have to be incorporated into philosophy as forms of reality.

Then, why are the Western philosophers interested in Indian philosophy? We may ask in return: Why are Indian philosophers interested in the philosophies of the West? Is it out of mere curiosity? If it is, the Western philosophers can also be curious about our philosophy. If we wish to know Western philosophy in order to prove that it is wrong, they may want to know ours for the same reason. In fact, many half-hearted studies are of this kind.

There are also a few sincere souls who thirst for spiritual experiences, which the *sadhana* or *yoga* side of Indian philosophy may help one to have. But such people are not interested in the academical side of Indian philosophy. On the contrary, there are some among them who think that all the logical and academical interpretations, including those of many Orientalists like Max Müller, are wrong. It is from among these that come the mystery-hunters and the traffickers in the supernatural. They are fairly numerous in some parts of America and encourage many so-called Indian philosophers.

Leaving aside such philosophers and their admirers, why are the academical philosophers interested in Indian philosophy? There are some who are spiritually inclined and who think that spiritual experience can be made understandable and explained scientifically; Christian religious philosophies are ultimately based on unquestioning faith, but Indian philosophies may supply the necessary clue for establishing rationally the reality of the spiritual and its relation with the non-spiritual. What these persons want is a rationally articulated metaphysics and psychological method, which we call *sadhana* or *yoga* and with the help of which spiritual truths are

demonstrable. There seems to be a feeling among them that such demonstration can serve as a corrective to the one-sided material progress that has overwhelmed the spiritual life of the West. But what exactly this spiritual reality is and how it is to be integrated with the rationally ordered and organized material progress, they have no clear idea. The word "spiritual" itself means different things to Indian and Western thinkers. Some have jumped to some over-simplified conclusions and generalizations, because of hasty and preconceived notions of the spiritual. Others are more wary and want to know more about the East and what it means by the spiritual. Can we help them and be ourselves benefited by co-operating with them? If material progress is necessary for us also, is it not necessary to co-operate with them in the solution of problems which belong to their present but which will belong to our future? India is determined to improve herself industrially; and industrialization is bound to mean material progress and to be followed by immense social repercussions. Even apart from industrialization, our leaders, for ethical reasons, are introducing far-reaching social and economic measures. What is the final reference in all these changes and improvements? Man, of course. His condition has to be improved, if we want our country to be internally and externally strong. We do not have to break with our spiritual past, even though a new humanism is going to be our living philosophy. The humanistic outlook is stronger in Western philosophies than the spiritual. If the West needs understanding of our spiritual approach to philosophy, we need understanding of its humanistic approach. This understanding is necessary for us, not merely for political and economic considerations but also for spiritual ones; for no spiritual philosophy can be adequate if it weakens the life of the individual or the nation.

There are signs of interest in Indian psychologies also, though the interest of Western psychologists in the Indian psychologies is not yet appreciable. The problem of the Self is as old as the Upanishads; the whole Indian philosophical tradition hinges on it, though later Indian philosophers tackled the problem from the sides of logic, ethics and psychology. Modern Western psychology has tended to ignore not only Self and soul, but also mind. But there are some who feel that there is something true in the concept of the Self and that perhaps, while mind is explained away from the objective and behaviouristic view-points, its integrality can be understood from the standpoint of the Self. But they are uncertain as to how to bring the concept of the Self into relation with the latest psychological theories. They think that perhaps Indian philosophy can help them, provided its psychological doctrines are suitably presented.

That means that they have to be presented by someone acquainted with the psychological ideas of both the East and the West.

There is a warning to be sounded in this connection. Some Western philosophers are surprised to find that we can speak on Western philosophy also, while they do not speak about Indian philosophy with equal confidence, though at the same time they are not prepared to attach very much value to what we say about either. Their surprise, moreover, should not lead us to think that what we say about them is always correct and adequate. What surprises them is that we speak about them at all! Indeed, our knowledge of Western philosophy is one of the benefits of the British educational policy.

There are also some Western logicians getting interested in Indian logic. Some of them are in search of new problems and new solutions to problems which the new developments in their logic created; and they hope to find some clues in Indian logic. Again, some of their latest developments in logic, particularly those made by the followers of the Viennese circle, have tended to ignore the existential aspect of logic. Logic is an instrument to be applied to reality; but the nature of the application, these people contend, is a question of practice but not of theory. Logic is not concerned with practice; it is a science of pure form. But the preoccupation with pure form has tended to cut off logic so completely from existence that it has become a common joke to speak of these philosophers as thinking a lot about how to think but as thinking about nothing.

It has to be mentioned that the approach made to Indian logic from the highly developed formal logic of the West is placing the latter in an unfavourable light. Those who made this approach had heard Indian logic highly praised by Indians; they had expected too much and they were consequently disappointed. Some therefore came to the conclusion that the Indian is inferior to the Aristotelian and the Stoic logic. Logic is a formal discipline; and where formalization is imperfect, logic is imperfect: so they argue. Our own Indian interpreters also helped them in forming their adverse opinion. Attempts have been made to symbolize the Nyaya-Vaiseshika concepts; but the Nyaya-Vaiseshika never divorced logic from existence; the result therefore is really the formalization of the Nyaya-Vaiseshika metaphysics. It therefore amounts to the formalization of that which is without form. It is just metaphysics which the modern formal logicians want to avoid. The Indian attempt is therefore an imitation of Western formal logic and its application to Nyaya-Vaiseshika metaphysics, without realizing at the same time the very important limitations.

The majority of the Western logicians are not interested in Indian logic: it is an antiquarian study,

which can only be of historical interest if of any. To all of them Professor Burtt's remark applies. Some of them may be supposed to be sympathetic. But sympathy, in this context, does not seem to have a definite meaning. It may mean pity, patronage, mere curiosity, some remote acquaintance or merely the absence of hostility. It will be some time before Indian philosophers can get into the spirit of modern formal logic and Western logicians can see something useful and important in the Indian. And it will take many years for Indian logical ideas to influence modern Western logic actively.

Up till now, it is Indian metaphysics and its spiritual outlook and motif that we have been presenting to the West, so much so that most of the Western philosophers think that Indian philosophy is wedded to religion and so has to be taught, if at all, in their schools of religion. We have not tackled and systematized our own logic and have not cared to present it in a form assimilable by Western logic, though most of us are acquainted with much of the latter. It is necessary to attempt this task for our own benefit.

The fashion of interpreting Indian thought in the light of the most fashionable ideas of the West, however, has certainly to be discontinued. The period of interpreting Indian thought as axiology, evolutionism, Holism, etc., should be brought to an end, so that we can get a true estimate of what our traditional philosophies are and what they lack. It is now absolutely necessary to know what our logic has been and still is. Now that we have done much in interpreting Indian thought in terms of axiology and metaphysics, we have to take up the task of interpreting Indian logic. The difference between academical and non-academical religious philosophies lies in this, that the former permits free rational enquiry into life's problems without imposing arbitrary limitations. And rational enquiry needs purification and systematization of logic. The new philosophy will be a humanism but not without logic.

Indian metaphysics interests some American philosophers not only as metaphysics but also as religious philosophy. These philosophers are religiously inclined and find material of great interest in the Vedantic and Buddhistic systems. They find some common elements in these systems and those of Augustine and Thomas Aquinas. But we have to avoid going from rational metaphysics to the misty supernatural and trying to impress upon the American philosophers the greatness of supernatural attainments which few among us possess. Otherwise, our philosophy would look like Æsop's fables, which the philosophers would reject with derision. Our metaphysics is not concerned with supernatural powers, though the yogic *sadhana* describes them. They may have a rationale, about which we can speculate. But

when we do not ourselves possess these powers, it is not safe to justify our metaphysics with the idea of such powers as cannot be demonstrated by us. Our metaphysics can be justified on other grounds.

The ruling philosophy in America is still Naturalism, generally defined by its protagonists, particularly by Dewey, as what is opposed to supernaturalism. The attention of some of the later American Naturalists is being directed to India's spiritual philosophies, because Spirit or Self is not regarded by us as a supernatural entity to be accepted on faith. Spirit is as natural as matter, in the sense that both can be understood rationally and, so, scientifically in the wider sense. What is not matter is not necessarily supernatural. The word "supernatural" has the connotation of something not amenable to rational understanding. It would be wrong to give the idea that Indian philosophy asks any one to accept such a "supernatural." American Naturalism, started as a revolt against supernaturalism, became Humanistic and is tending to be spiritual in its own way, though its conception of Spirit has not yet done sufficient justice to the inwardness of Spirit. Indian metaphysics would be helpful to those who wish to include Spirit within nature.

It may, then, be said that, on the whole, American interest in Indian philosophy is growing, though, considering the large number of universities in that country, the number of American philosophers taking an active interest in Indian thought is comparatively small. The younger generation is showing more and more enthusiasm for Indian thought and, if this enthusiasm is kept up, it will not be long before Western philosophers begin using Indian philosophical concepts and maybe some of them will soon be capable of finding fault with our interpretations. Plans have been chalked out for training young men in Indian philosophy, so that they can teach the subject with greater confidence.

We should not, however, forget the real motive behind the give and take of our philosophies. If we suppose that Western philosophers are turning to Indian philosophy because they have become conscious of the defects of their own—which I think is often untrue—should we not also think of the shortcomings of our philosophies and enquire whether Western philosophies can improve them? Or should we defend our philosophies like the fanatical followers and propagandists of religions? Here is the disadvantage of the association of philosophical systems with sectarian religions. If, for instance, Śankara's Advaita or Ramanuja's Visishtadvaita is criticized, its followers feel that their religion is being criticized and they begin to discover arguments for defending it.

Dewey's Naturalism, which is called peculiarly American, is not the only philosophy taught in the American universities. Culturally, the

loss of the European countries has been the gain of America. Many able philosophers who had left Europe have been teaching in America. So American Naturalism and Pragmatism are getting blended imperceptibly with other types of thought. We need not think of even Logical Empiricism as mere intellectual gymnastics; it is merely an extreme form which a branch of the philosophy of science has taken. And if philosophy is life's reflection on itself, then the philosophy of science is as much philosophy as the philosophy of religion; and philosophers have before them the ever-recurrent task of relating the newly discovered values of science with the other values of life. Scientific activity is as much a part of life as religious and ethical activity. Logical Empiricism, therefore, is an important aspect of philosophy, whatever be the criticisms levelled against it by the rival schools.

America has even had a bit of Vedanta through its Transcendentalists, like Emerson. If the West is to build up a comprehensive philosophy of life by incorporating Eastern philosophies, we shall have to do the same by incorporating what we want from the West. We have been studying Western philosophy more than the Western philosophers have been studying ours; but we have not yet caught the humanistic and scientific spirit behind Western philosophy. Or is our philosophy all-comprehensive and perfect? If it is, we do not need anything more, and we need not study Western philosophies.

But before coming to such a conclusion, it is necessary to pause and reflect. Some may think that to say that our philosophy needs development in any aspect is unpatriotic. But one can be more useful to one's country if one knows not only where lies her strength but also her weakness. The same holds true of our philosophy. If our philosophy is lacking in something, it means that there is something lacking, undeveloped or thwarted in our culture, which could have stimulated that aspect of thought. It is important and will be advantageous to recognize such an aspect. Whether America or any other country cares for our philosophy or not is her concern. But it is our concern to know what we lack and whether we can have it from the West.

P. T. RAJU

A NAIL-PARING

[We publish here a story with a message by the Lebanese mystic, **Mikhail Naimy**, whose suggestive allegory, "The Oasis of Peace," appeared in our January 1953 issue. In this story our esteemed contributor employs a disarming technique similar to that used to good effect in his latest book, *Memoirs of a Vagrant Soul, or The Pitted Face*. The device which he uses is to introduce an element of the fantastic, even the horrible, thus reassuring the reader who is wary of sermons by leaving him free to discount—if he finds he can—the truths expressed by a protagonist of doubtful sanity.—ED.]

A village neighbour, hearing that I was going down to the city, asked me to bring her a wooden belt-buckle for her young daughter's dress. She gave me the approximate size and shape and a small piece of printed cotton with which the buckle was to be covered, advising me at the same time that there was one man only who specialized in making such buckles, and giving me his name and the street where his shop was located.

After a long and wearisome search I found the "street," which turned out to be a short, narrow, dark and filthy alley in the slum section of the city. The shop I sought was a "hole in the wall" no larger than 10′ by 12′. Its walls, from the floor to the ceiling, were lined with shelves cluttered with twine and rope and a bewildering variety of hardware, much of it old and rust-eaten. One going into the shop could not avoid brushing many of these things with his clothes, thus relieving them of a part of the thick dust reposing on them. At the end directly opposite the narrow entrance stood a small, overworked table, and behind it sat a lean, bespectacled, middle-aged man, bending over a small buckle of wood and measuring on it a scrap of cloth. At his elbow, on top of a heap of crumpled papers, lay a pair of shining scissors.

I saluted the man very warmly and discreetly. He returned my salutation without looking at me. When I explained to him my mission and gave him all the particulars, he again refused to honour me even with a side glance and, continuing the work in hand, asked carelessly and dryly, "Is your time of gold?"

"No," replied I as carelessly and dryly, "not even of tin."

"Then come back in two hours."

I went back after two and a half hours and found the man still bent over the same buckle, trimming carefully with the scissors the edges of the cloth he had pasted on it. To my question if he had finished my order, his curt and dry reply was, "Come back in two hours."

I was quite put out by the man's provoking indifference to me and by his utter carelessness of his promise and my time. I felt sorry for having said to him, though jestingly,

that my time was not even of tin. To remonstrate with him, however, would have been quite foolish on my part, since I knew of no one else who could satisfy my need. So I contented myself with a very mild protest which I followed with a gentle request not to disappoint me the second time. Without a word of apology, and without lifting his eyes from the work in front of him, he repeated in the same voice and manner what he had said a minute before, "Come back in two hours."

The two hours passed, and I went back to the man fully determined not to leave his shop except with the buckle in my hand. I had decided, in case he was to disappoint me again, to turn all my heavy artillery on him and tell him in plain words what I thought of a mean liar like him. In fact I had prepared a diatribe, each word of which was a stick of dynamite. But no sooner did I find myself within that "hole in the wall" than I heard the man say to me, "Have you no other business to attend to than this buckle!"

"Of course," said I gruffly. "I have many, many errands; but this is the most important of all, since the buckle is not for me but for a neighbour of mine who asked me to fetch it. And I would not go back to my village without it. Please understand that."

"Since the thing is of so great importance for you, come back for it in two hours, and you shall find it ready."

I was dumbfounded with indignation, and thought the moment opportune for touching off the dynamite I had prepared for the occasion. But somehow it failed to ignite. My memory was suddenly entirely blank of all the invectives I had stored away in it just for that moment; while my tongue refused to utter anything more explosive than "Please, my friend, do not disappoint me this time; for my village is away up in the mountains, and the road is rough and dangerous, and I must be back there before the sun is down. Do appreciate my position."

When the two hours were spent, I again hurried back to that "hole in the wall" which I had begun to detest, even to dread. I found the man in almost the same pose, but instead of trimming the buckle he was trimming his finger-nails with the scissors. Before him on the table was spread a newspaper on one end of which rested a small, brownish cardboard box. Contrary to what I had been expecting, the man received me with a broad smile, and pointing to a chair opposite his, said to me most gently and open-heartedly, "Sit down, please. I shall finish the buckle for you immediately after I finish trimming my nails. Don't you wish to trim yours? I'll give you good scissors."

For the first time he lifted at me his small, round and greenish eyes in which I glimpsed a lustre very much like that of an eyeball bathed in tears. But the man was not

weeping; he was smiling, and the strange smile slowly spread over his long, sallow face, giving it an expression unlike anything I had ever seen in my life. The smile intrigued and puzzled me, and no longer did I know what to think of the man and what to say to him. I felt that the indignation he had aroused in me before was slowly turning into something akin to admiration. For the man spoke and acted without any affectation, and with no feeling of having committed any wrong against me by outraging my sense of the proper and the correct. Therefore I met his queer offer of the scissors for clipping my nails with the words, "Thank you, friend. My nails are not in need of trimming. My only need at the moment is to be on my way home. I wish you would finish the buckle for me and let me go."

"I wish you would clip your nails first, and then go."

"But I told you that my nails are in no need of clipping. In fact I took care of them yesterday."

"You may have taken care of the nails on your fingers; but your other nails, it seems to me, you pay little attention to."

"What other nails do you mean?"

"I mean the eye, the mind and the heart nails."

Abashed by his remark, I began to think that the man was muddled in the head, and so I made no retort in the hope that my silence would cut the conversation short and induce the man, once done with his nails, to turn to my buckle. But my silence seemed to have the reverse effect on him, for after a short pause he went on, "A wolf does not clip his claws; for they help him to defend himself and to fill his belly; they are essential weapons for his life. Whereas a man clips his nails, for they are to him a hindrance, an annoyance, and he has other, more effective weapons for defending himself and for procuring his food. A wolf, when famished and with no other food in sight, feels no scruples about killing and devouring a fellow wolf. His ferocity is a matter of pride rather than shame for him. A man is ashamed of being ferocious, and would not devour a fellow man. Should he murder a fellow man, and should his own conscience not rebuke him, the conscience of the men and women about him would. All of which means that ferocity, blood thirst, gluttony, hate, anger, vengefulness and the like are nails, or claws, which, if becoming to the beast, are not at all becoming to man. Therefore must they be clipped by all who wish to be deserving of the honourable title of Man, and who would live in peace with their fellow men. Don't you agree with me?"

The man spoke with his eyes on his nails and on the scissors in his hand. Each time a nail-paring fell on the newspaper in front of him, he would pick it up carefully and put it in the box at his elbow. Not only was I fascinated by his movements; I was also astonished to hear such words from such a man in

such a shop. He made me almost forget the thing which had brought me to him out of my mountain retreat. At the thought of the buckle I looked at my watch and jumped up to my feet as one suddenly stung; the day was well-nigh spent.

"One more minute, my friend," said the man slowly and firmly, motioning me to sit down again. "Don't be impatient. Impatience, too, is a nail which should be clipped. Believe me, there is nothing in the world worth being impatient about. The whole world is not worth a nail-paring; whereas a nail-paring may sometimes be worth a whole world."

To which I replied in anguish and despondence, "But the buckle which you have been promising to make for me since early morning and have failed to make, is now of more value to me than all the worlds and all the nail-parings. Won't you be good enough to finish it for me as quickly as you can?"

"How very impatient you are! Here it is. Take it. It was finished ten minutes after you gave me the order."

"And you had the heart to keep me shuttling for it all day? How cruel of you! What was your purpose?"

"I wished to test your metal." The broad, innocent smile with which the last remark was made totally disarmed me. Instead of upbraiding him further I found myself saying rather lukewarmly and naïvely:

"Test my metal? But what have you to do with me—a mere stranger, a bird of passage in your life?"

"Sufficient for me to meet you once in order to know that I have met you times without number in the past, and shall meet you times without number in the future. One is the road we all travel; and road-companions are responsible the one for the other."

"Do you test all your customers in the same way?"

"Not every customer is a man, nor is every man worthy of being tested."

"In my judgment it would be far more fitting for you, and far more worthy of your talents, to leave this stuffy hole and go out into the wide world to teach men and women how to clip their nails, the seen of them and the unseen. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, if only I had perfected the art of nail-clipping. But I am yet an apprentice; and an apprentice should not pose as a master."

"I have been observing how painstakingly you pick up each nail-paring and put it in that cardboard box. Should I take that as an excess of zeal for cleanliness on your part, or have you another purpose in mind?"

The question was asked very simply and without the slightest ulterior thought; but the effect of it on the man was amazing. Instantly he raised his head and fixed me with two unflinching eyes. Then, clearing his throat as would a singer before

starting to sing, or an orator before speaking, he went on to say quite ponderously, "With me nail-clipping is an act of devotion. Each time I clip my visible nails I clip with them my invisible ones, which are my sins. Each paring is a witness to some sin of commission or omission I have perpetrated. And let me tell you, friend, that sins grow like nails and, if left unclipped, are likely to tear our own skin and to strangle us in the end. Therefore am I so careful in preserving the slightest bit of a paring of my nails. I have it in my will that this box be put with me in the coffin, that I may face my Judge at the Last Day with all my sins as witnesses against me. My advice to you—and I give it freely and wholeheartedly—is to do likewise."

On hearing that from the man, my initial doubt of his sanity became almost a conviction. So I said to him mockingly, "It is very precious advice, indeed; and I shall surely go by it from now on. But will you tell me who passed it on to you before it became possible for you to pass it on to me? Or was the invention your own?"

"It was my father—bless his memory!—who was the first to discover the potency of this practice. From him I inherited it. So great was his faith in it that he died on the gallows for the sake of a nail-paring. Did I not say before that a nail-paring may sometimes be of more worth than the whole world?"

I shook my head and said:

"Excuse me, friend; but I can hardly believe that a mere nail-paring would lead to the gallows."

"Believe it; for stranger things happen in this strange world. My father was an excellent carpenter and an exceedingly pious man. He used, as I already told you, to collect his nail-parings as I am collecting mine. His neighbours became aware of the fact and began to mock him behind his back. One day there came to his workshop a bevy of mischievous children and found him in the devotional act of paring his nails. A paring flew off and fell in front of one of the children who picked it up and ran out as fast as his feet could carry him. Father, grasping an adz by his side, ran after the boy shouting, 'Stop, or I'll kill you with this adz!' The boy did not stop. So my father threw the adz at him and happened to hit him on the head and kill him on the instant. The judges and the people in general could hardly believe that a righteous man like my father would commit such an outrage for the sake of a nail-paring. But the rope of the gallows believed it, and tightly embraced my father's neck until he suffocated."

Having delivered himself of so much, the man stopped talking; whether because he had no more to say, or because of the sad memories the sad end of his father must have evoked in him—I could not tell. But I seized his silence as an excellent opportunity for taking my leave. So I rose to my feet, laid a

piece of money on the table, twice the amount required, and putting forth my hand, started to thank the man profusely for the beautiful buckle, as well as for his rare sermon and valuable advice. He took my hand in his and squeezed it so hard that I almost cried for mercy. Then, staring at me long and hard, he suddenly broke out in impeccable English, the conversation up till then having been carried on in Arabic, "Are you strong?"

The question was put so suddenly and with so tremendous an emphasis that I hardly knew how to take it and with what words to meet it. To extricate myself in the quickest and easiest way possible, I simply shrugged my shoulders and pointed to my frail body as if to say, "How can a man of my size and build be so strong?"

Whereupon he grabbed me by the shoulders, and shaking me violently, blared out, "I don't mean the strength of bone and brawn. That is for the bear, the buffalo and the elephant. I mean the other strength —the strength to control yourself. Are you your own master? If you are not, would you be mastered by a trifle such as you came to seek of me today? To master oneself—one's appetites, emotions, thoughts and passions—that is strength, my friend. Every other strength is but a nail to be clipped."

Saying that, the man struck the table with his fist so violently that everything on it was made to jump, including the box with the nail parings which fell to the floor and spilled all its contents. When he saw the result of his excessive zeal, the man stood transfixed for a moment, his eyes glassy and wide open, his whole body shaking, and his face becoming deathly pale. Then he scrambled from behind the table and started looking nervously and excitedly for the spilled nail-parings, collecting them religiously one by one. It was a rare occasion for me to sneak out in a hurry, and I seized it without delay. Even when several paces away from the shop, I could still hear the man's trembling voice repeating, "Ah, great, very great is my sin...."

MIKHAIL NAIMY

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SARVEPALLI RADHAKRISHNAN *

This volume, the seventh in the series, is an important addition. It shows that the Library of Living Philosophers is not a library of living *Western* philosophers. It honours not merely an Eastern philosopher but the ancient idealistic tradition, now on the decline in Europe and America; for Dr. Radhakrishnan is a great representative of that living tradition. The volume discusses very meaningful and relevant issues of practical concern to all of us: the attitude of the Semitic religions on the one hand and of Hinduism and Buddhism on the other; the spiritual basis of democracy in Eastern religions and its scientific basis in Western thought; freedom and social order; ideological differences; international understanding and world peace. The book conveys the message of a "Spiritual Religion."

The significance of Dr. Radhakrishnan's works to contemporary thought is twofold. First: the national aspiration, which found expression in Gandhi and Tagore, comes to an intellectual awareness of its philosophical heritage in Radhakrishnan's *Indian Philosophy*. As Shri M. N. Roy puts it: "The credit for raising the politically motivated religious and cultural revivalism to the level of academic philosophy belongs to Radhakrishnan." Dr. Radhakrishnan is not another commentator writing in English on our philosophical texts and offering us another variant of Vedantism. His research has showed that the fundamental truths of the Vedanta are not confined to time and place; nor are they "cultural" traits. He says:—

> In my writings my main contention has been to make out that there is one perennial and universal philosophy which is found in all lands and cultures, in the seers of the *Upanishads* and the Buddha, Plato and Plotinus, in Hillel and Philo, Jesus and Paul and the mediæval mystics of Islam. It is this spirit which builds continents and unites the ages that can save us from the meaninglessness of the present situation, and not any local variant of it which we find in the Indian tradition. It is absurd to speak of any Indian monopolies of philosophic wisdom.

How desirable it would be if this audacious frankness were discernible in the writings of philosophers on Comparative Religion!

The volume opens with an essay by Radhakrishnan on: "The Religion of the Spirit and the World's Need: Fragments of a Confession." It is an intellectual autobiography; there is in it vision and inspiration. In this essay, among other things, Dr. Radhakrishnan distinguishes between Religion and religions and pleads for the re-discovery of the basis of civilization in spiritual values and the unity of human nature. The hope for the transformation of man is through "Religion" and not through "religions." Dr. Radhakrishnan says:—

> The mandate of religion is that man must make the change in his own nature in order to let the divine in him manifest itself. It speaks of the death of man as we know him with all his worldly desires and the emergence of the new man. This is the teaching not only of the Upanishads and Buddhism but also of the Greek mysteries and Platonism, of the Gospels and the schools of Gnosticism....
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> There are no fundamental differences among the peoples of the world. They have all the deep human feelings, the craving for justice above all class interests, horror of

* *The Philosophy of Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan*. Edited by PAUL ARTHUR SCHILPP. (The Library of Living Philosophers. Tudor Publishing Co., Cambridge University Press, London, New York. 883 pp. 1953. 63s.)

bloodshed and violence. They are working for a religion which teaches the possibility and the necessity of man's union with himself, with nature, with his fellow men, and with the eternal spirit of which the visible universe is but a manifestation and upholds the emergence of a complete consciousness as the destiny of man. Our historical religions will have to transform themselves into the universal faith or they will fade away. This prospect may appear strange and unwelcome to some, but it has a truth and beauty of its own. It is working in the minds of men and will soon be a realized fact. Human unity depends not on past origins but on future goal and direction, on what we are becoming and whither we are tending. Compared with the civilization that is now spreading over the earth's surface, thanks to science and technology, the previous civilizations were restricted in scope and resources. Scientists claim that organic life originated on this planet some 1,200 million years ago, but man has come into existence on earth during the last half million years. His civilization has been here only for the last 10,000 years. Man is yet in his infancy and has a long period ahead of him on this planet. He will work out a higher integration and produce world-minded men and women.

The eternal religion, outlined in these pages, is not irrational or unscientific, is not escapist or a-social. Its acceptance will solve many of our desperate problems and will bring peace to men of good will.

This is the personal philosophy which by different paths I have attained, a philosophy which has served me in the severest tests, in sickness and in health, in triumph and in defeat. It may not be given to us to see that faith prevails; but it is given to us to strive that it should.

There are 23 critical essays, 14 by foreign scholars and 9 by Indians, analyzing and discussing Dr. Radhakrishnan's philosophy. The essays are stimulating reading and reveal the wide influence of Radhakrishnan's writings. It is impossible to state in a review the difficulties and objections which Radhakrishnan's critics raise but he does reply to them and the reader will find his answers illuminating.

The editor of this series told me that he was present at a lecture of Dr. Radhakrishnan's at the University of Chicago. At the end of the lecture, he went up to Radhakrishnan and proposed to have a volume on him in the series. Dr. Radhakrishnan replied: "No, I don't belong there." His modesty seemed to continue to be unyielding. We must, therefore, rejoice that Prof. Paul Arthur Schilpp was able to prevail upon Dr. Radhakrishnan (who was described to me by the President of an American Foundation as a "strong" man!) and congratulate him on the production of this volume.

N. A. NIKAM

Science and the Social Order. By BERNARD BARBER. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 288 pp. 1953. 20s.)

Science is often regarded as something special, something which only scientists, a supposed special race, do. The same attitude is extended towards "the poet." Yet practically everyone is a poet: the man who is given that name is only a person a little less dreamy, a little less doped, a little more awake than the others. A scientist is only a person more interested in the study of nature than others, more anxious to be accurate, more devoted, more true, more rational.

This is really the starting point of Mr. Barber's book:—

...this is the essential point from which our whole investigation starts; that the germ of science in human society lies in man's aboriginal and unceasing attempt to understand and control the world in which he lives by the use of his rational thought and activity.

And he cites Professor Percy Bridgman, the Nobel prize physicist, as declaring: "I like to say there is no scientific method as such, but rather only the free and utmost use of intelligence."

Mr. Barber, in recognizing the universality of human rationality, has set himself to examine its characteristics closely and to show its connection with science—especially social science. The scheme of his book falls into a discussion as to the nature of science, its historical development, its place

and control in society, its organization (especially in America) and, of course, its future or "prospects." In short, it is an American *treatise* of the usual thorough-going and painstaking sort. It helps to clarify our thinking and to bring us nearer the day when, in the words of Mr. Barber, "social science comes of age with its sisters, the natural sciences."

JOHN STEWART COLLIS

Juvenile Delinquency: A Short Textbook on the Medical Aspects of Juvenile Delinquency. By J. D. W. PEARCE. (Cassell and Co., Ltd., London. x + 395 pp. 1952. 25*s*.)

In the brief introductory chapter giving the historical background to his subject Dr. Pearce tells us, "Juvenile Delinquency may be defined quite simply as anti-social conduct in the young and the youthful."

His work is described as "A Short Text-book on the Medical Aspects of Juvenile Delinquency" and is addressed to those people whose work among children calls for a wider knowledge of the various aspects of the problem: magistrates, medical men, probation officers, social workers, teachers, and the like. They, and indeed any intelligent person interested in the welfare of children, will find much, including the medico-legal information, that is both helpful and stimulating in Dr. Pearce's book, though he himself, throughout, urges the need for a cautious and critical approach to the vast subject, about which, in spite of the rapid increase of knowledge made during the last half-century, much yet remains to be discovered.

It is surely a pity that such an important subject should be drawing more and more into service the increasingly lavish jargon of the technical experts. By doing so it erects barriers which intimidate and alarm ignorant parents, who in consequence are most reluctant to take their problem children to the Child Guidance Clinics, and in numerous cases boys and girls who might have been helped at an earlier stage, only reach the psychiatrist through first appearing at the Juvenile Courts.

Dr. Pearce, whose own experience with difficult children is considerable, has much to say on the subject of classification; he divides his cases into nine different groups, including among them: instability of temperament, environmental influences, organic disease, anxiety and unhappiness, moral and intellectual defects. He describes his final section: "Delinquent Character Resulting from Other Non-classifiable Causes." Each group gets its own chapter which is documented vividly by notes from actual case-histories. His final group chapter well illustrates the author's own care and caution; believing in team work, he is firmly against too hasty diagnosis, but of course psychiatry is a rapidly widening field of practice and discovery, and much new information is coming forward so that eventually the patient whose case cannot be accurately classified will be rare indeed.

Dr. Pearce's view-point is both moderate and humane, he writes of the various kinds of treatment lucidly, and has included a thoughtful chapter on the prevention of delinquency.

While his book is largely devoted to what is taking place in England, he makes reference to the theories and writings of various American and other European psychiatrists, for, as he points out, by learning what other people are doing "one is kept vigilantly critical of one's own theories and beliefs." It is to be regretted that his wide critical survey of the literature on the subject includes no mention of *Ask the Children* by the Honorary Adviser to the Government of Madras in Child Psychology, Dr. Ford Thomson, whose brilliant work on behalf of children in trouble led to such sweeping reforms in the Certified Schools of South India.

JOHN HAMPSON SIMPSON

Eclipse of God: Studies in the Relation between Religion and Philosophy. By MARTIN BUBER. (Victor Gollancz, Ltd., London. 192 pp. 1953. 15s.)

Like all books which attempt to define the nature of God, these studies on the relation between religion and philosophy are difficult for the ordinary reader.

Neither Buber nor his translators have made them easier, for with the characteristic literary laziness of philosophers, they use obscure words rather than accept the discipline of achieving lucidity. Philosophy cannot perhaps avoid such portentous terms as "anti-anthropomorphic," but it could surely find comprehensible alternatives for "conceptual formulation," "actualized," "apodictically," "eternalization," and "contextual situations." A pseudo-philosopher trying to impress his readers could hardly achieve clumsier examples of the type of writing which the late Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch called "jargon."

Having brought himself to endure these periodic verbal massacres, the specialist will find much to reward him in Buber's thesis that "Eclipse of the light of heaven, eclipse of God... is the character of the historic hour through which the world is passing." The followers of Gandhi, like the disciples of Buddha, will also agree that "one misses everything when one insists on discovering within earthly thought the power that unveils the mystery." Whatever the expedients by which men seek to exclude Him from reality, God still lives in the light of His eternity. It is not God who is slain, but we, the slayers, who remain in darkness.

Buber develops his theme in chapters on the relationship between "Religion and Reality," as well as "Religion and Philosophy"; on the "Love of God and the Idea of Deity"; on "Religion and Modern Thinking"; "Religion and Ethics." For him the progress of every historical religion is a conflict between the religious element and "the non-religious elements which invade it from all sides—metaphysic, gnosis, magic, politics, etc." All religious reality begins with what Biblical religion calls the "fear of God."

In criticizing the modern form of philosophic arrogance which seeks to embody the divine within the human, Buber includes descriptive vignettes of such recent or contemporary thinkers as Whitehead; Hermann Cohen (the last of Kant's greater disciples); Nietzsche, who proclaimed that "God was dead"; Sartre and Heidegger, the Existentialists who differed radically in their attitude towards religion; and Jung, the leading psychologist of our day, who recognized a "reciprocal and indispensable relation between man and God," and saw God, not as dead, but still to come.

The omnipotent selfhood of the hour, Buber concludes, can acknowledge "neither God nor any genuine absolute which manifests itself to men as of non-human origin." He finds hope in the historic certainty of a new epoch, to be determined by forces still invisible, wherein the divine light, which can be eclipsed but never extinguished, will shine forth clearly for a re-born and responsive generation of men.

VERA BRITTAIN

Sense-Perception and Matter: A Critical Analysis of C. D. Broad's Theory of Perception. By MARTIN LEAN (The International Library of Psychology, Philosophy and Scientific Method. Routledge and Kegan Paul, Ltd., London. ix + 217 pp. 1953. 21s.)

This is not a book for the ordinary reader. By this I mean that a passing interest in philosophy is not likely to be intensified by an attempt to study Martin Lean's essay, for except for those who understand the jargon of the modern philosopher, this work will be almost un-understandable.

Briefly, the author has set out to analyze the idea of "sense-data" being used to explain perception as exemplified in the writings of Prof. C. D. Broad, an eminent 20th-century philosopher. Broad, in company with other famous philosophers such as Russell, Hume, Moore, Locke and Berkeley, holds the view that in regard to such physical objects as, say, a human hand, a pen or sheet of paper we are not only unable to state with any certainty that they actually exist, but if they do exist they are quite different from what we think they are. This philosophy is called sense-datum analysis.

Martin Lean believes that the difficulty of accepting this "sense-datum" approach could be avoided by careful attention to logical ordinary language. This may well be, but the trouble is that his own explanations and criticisms are far above the head of the general reader.

The work is divided into six chapters. In the first Dr. Broad's statement of the problem is discussed. In Chapter II Lean criticizes Broad's theory that the common forms of expression now merely represent the simple analyses made by our prehistoric ancestors. Chapter III deals with "The 'External Reference' of Perception"; Chapter IV: "The 'Logical Question' and the Alternative Theories"; V: "The 'Causal Question,'" and VI: "The Sensum Theory." The work is one of over 130 volumes published in The International Library of Psychology, Philosophy and Scientific Method.

When philosophers fall out it is hard indeed for laymen to give a balanced judgment, but the author has made a valiant attempt to explain just how "the sense-datum" approach, "far from being epistemologically neutral, separates perceiver and 'external world' from the start by a logically impenetrable veil."

A. M. Low

Religion and the Modern Mind. By W. T. Stace. (Macmillan and Co., Ltd., London. vii+301 pp. 1953. 21*s.*)

The title is significant, for although Professor Stace does in one place say that the conflict of modern culture is between science and religion, yet the intention and conclusion of his book is that the conflict is between religion and an attitude of mind which in none of its positions is in logical dependence on any discovery of science. In the first part of the book a notable contribution has been made to uncovering the psychological causes which have brought this conflict into being.

The basic assumption of the thinking of modern man is that a mechanical explanation of the universe excludes the possibility of a teleological explanation. This is a negative and confused assumption. From it modern man has taken two decisive steps: he has reduced values to a matter of taste or expediency and has affirmed that no value judgment can be a statement, true or false, about any thing, that it is only a statement about the individual who makes it. This is not a scientific discovery; it is a nihilistic attachment to the objective world. So man has placed himself, to no purpose, in a purposeless universe and has made himself sick with anxiety and despair.

It is not the intention of Professor Stace to halt at the exposure of this darkness of the mind and of the development of the irrational ties with the scientific revolution of the 17th century which has led to it. His intention is to affirm, upon the testimony of the great mystics of all ages, that there is a way out of this darkness, an experience of wholeness possible, and a destination available to man. "The natural order and the eternal order intersect in the mystic experience.... Man is an inhabitant of both worlds and in the mystical vision he can have direct experience of the eternal order."

In this book the foundations of scepticism are systematically undermined.

E. F. F. Hill

Horace's Complete Works. Introduction by DR. JOHN MARSHALL. Everyman's Library, No. 515, Classical. (J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd., London. xxxii+262 pp. First published in this edition 1911, last reprinted 1953. 6*s.*)

Kipling's schoolboy, when told by his master that Horace was "utterly untranslatable" felt it a gross injustice that in those circumstances *he* should be asked to translate him. Others, however, have braved the impossibility, and this Everyman reprint of the whole of the poet's works in English proves that the attempt meets a real need. In this volume Odes and Epodes are by Dr. John Marshall, whose version dates from 1908, the Satires and Epistles are in the prose of the 18th-century Christopher Smart, and the "Art of Poetry" by the Earl of Roscommon.

Since it is the Odes that matter to the modern reader it may be said at once that Dr. Marshall's version has great merits; it is in simple language and easy rhythm. What it fails to retain (and one may doubt if any translation could) is the majesty of the Latin, which even in these short songs, many of them on light-hearted subjects, has always the splendour of Rome's golden days. Horace, the friend of Maecenas and Virgil, stood close to the imperial court of Augustus, and reflected as much as Virgil the grandeur of the only empire in history that has been loved by its subject races and despairingly regretted after its passing.

Another sign that these poems are the product of an imperial age is the note of religious scepticism due to the flooding of Rome, the world capital, by the varied faiths and mythologies of the many races it ruled, a fact which leads Dr. Marshall in his Introduction to draw an analogy with the British Empire at the date when he made his translation. Certainly Horace has no sympathy with Oriental faiths or with Occultism: "...seek not to know what Heaven hath hid....Tempt not Chaldean horoscopes!" is his famous advice to Leuconoé; and when he describes himself as "spare and infrequent pietist" (not a very good rendering of *parcus deorum cultor at infrequens*) it is hard to take very seriously his story that he has been converted to religion by a thunder-clap out of a clear sky!

No, Horace is the perfect man of the world, but with a most sincere admiration for all the natural virtues, patriotism, courage, civic integrity, the sturdy life of farm and field. No wonder his works have been a rosary of maxims for posterity, and to none has his philosophy been more congenial than to the English race. "I shall not wholly die" he said modestly, and Time has vindicated him.

D. L. MURRAY

The Pilgrim Church: An Account of the First Five Years in the Life of the Church of South India. By A. MARCUS WARD. (Epworth Press, London. 216 pp. 1953. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

As Mahatma Gandhi so often emphasized, a major obstacle in the way of the work of Christ in India has been the divisions between the various branches of the Christian Church. What is an intelligent Hindu or Moslem to think of an organization working in the name of one Lord and Master which is divided into 72, or is it 272, separate sects and denominations, each of which regards itself as possessing sovereign rights and insight in relation to Christian truth and action and a large number of which, officially at any rate, regard the rest as teaching and practising grievous errors, if not worse? All honour then to the courageous men and women who have started the movement towards reunion of the Christian Churches—thus setting an example to the whole world—in southern India. This record of the first five years of the new United Church shows on the one hand the fundamentally divisive nature of ancient rites and creeds, not genuinely naturalized—or should we not say,

naturalizable—to the Indian soil; and on the other hand the gradual spreading of the spirit of good-will and fellowship, without which any outward reunion would prove to be merely a hindrance and a peril. In the past, as *The Pilgrim Church* points out, the tendency has been for the foreign missionary to make everything, including the mistakes, on behalf of the Indian Christian: and thereby to perpetuate divisions. Now, however, we have a new community in which leadership is effectually in Indian hands and in which the will to bind up the wounds of Christ—for this is what is really meant by re-union—is becoming paramount. "No Church can be led by the Holy Spirit which insists on standing still." "Our differences need not divide us: given tolerance and affection, they will breed wideness of spirit and a creative variety." These are great principles. So is the conviction, bred by a study of this book, that the way of federation and of federation-in-action through the joint tackling of great tasks is to be chosen rather than the way of integration.

J. S. HOYLAND

The Art of Primitive Peoples. By J. T. HOOPER and C. A. BURLAND. (The Fountain Press, London. 168 pp. 116 photographs of specimens from the Hooper collection by R. H. BOMBACK. 1953. 42*s*.)

"Whatever else he may be the artist is a man of truth and cannot help striving to tell the rest of the world what he believes." Mr. Burland's view is an excellent one on which to base a study of primitive art. We cannot look at the wood carvings of the Congo or the ancestral masks of New Guinea without being aware of the sincerity of their creators. There is no question of pandering to a fashionable market, of being abstract to avoid a photographic likeness, or of attempting an exact copy of nature. The primitive artist simply sets out to express what he feels in forms of great subtlety and beauty.

Armchair ethnologists, as perforce most readers are, will be grateful to the authors of this book for presenting in so readable a style a survey of the visual and functional arts of primitive peoples. Mr. Hooper has contributed a Foreword and a descriptive account of the 116 photographs of *objets d'art* in his private collection. These fine illustrations enable us to enjoy and admire the work of primitive artists of Polynesia, Melanesia, Arctic America and Negro Africa.

Mr. Burland's part in the book has been to reveal primitive art in a language that will render it fascinating to the ordinary reader. He contends that the primitives are not our intellectual inferiors. He does not hold the often quoted "scientific" view that the wheel created the superior race of the civilized. He cannot feel that a few clumsy carriages and tread-mill cranes explain the genius of Bacon, Shakespeare, Campion and Raleigh, and delightfully points out how the witty and charming American Indian girl, Princess Pocahontas, had no difficulty in fitting into Jacobean society in England.

Very rightly, he emphasizes the similarities of approach by artists throughout the world. The artist who designs a Polynesian canoe paddle, or hews out a Haida Indian wooden ceremonial ladle, or carves a bizarre Bundu Juju mask, is a man with family and friends, experiencing intimate relationships and emotions similar to those of all mankind. The strangeness lies only in the outward trappings of life.

Few will disagree with his conclusion that a wider study of Man is an urgent necessity at this point in history. All will find something to enjoy or enlighten them in this book. The plates of the Hooper Collection alone are a voyage of discovery into an enthralling primitive world.

DENNIS GRAY STOLL

The Ancient Secret: In Search of the Holy Grail. By FLAVIA ANDERSON. (Victor Gollancz, Ltd., London. 288 pp. Illustrated. 1953. 25*s.*)

No one who reads this book will doubt the extent of Lady Flavia's reading, but whether her suggestion that the Holy Grail is identical with the Urim of Moses will command assent is another matter.

To attempt here a critical analysis of this work is manifestly impossible, but at least we can consider briefly those parts bearing directly upon the Urim and Thummim. On page 70 is an illustration taken from a book by Raphael, entitled *The Astrologer of the 19th Century.* This sketch, it is claimed, was copied from an ancient German manuscript, and is said to represent a crystal named "Thummim or Urim." Even assuming the existence of the alleged German manuscript, which appears otherwise unknown, the "or" in the description seems odd.

However, Lady Flavia states that the meaning of the Hebrew words are "perfect" and "light." This is not quite accurate, for they are the plural forms of Thum and Aur and mean Truths and Lights. But to proceed, on page 217 we are given a quotation from the *Zohar* where the term Urim is said to signify

> ...the luminous speculum, which consisted of the Divine Name of forty-two letters by which the world was created. Whereas the Thummim consisted of the non-luminous speculum made of the Divine Name as manifested in the twenty-two letters.

Here, however, Urim clearly refers to the Yetziratic World, for the Name of forty-two letters is composed of the seven six-lettered Names of the Yetziratic Palaces; while the twenty-two letters, as the manifestation of the Divine Name, represent Assiah, the material world. The correspondence is thus with the Paradisiacal and Terrestrial Worlds, the former being the luminous and the latter the non-luminous images of the Higher. Compare *Gen.* I. i, where ATh-HShMIM VATh-HARTz is defectively rendered as "the heaven and the earth" with *Exod.* xxviii. 30, where the Urim and Thummim are first mentioned as ATh-HAVRIM VATh-HThMIM.

Apparently unaware of these fundamental Qabalistic ideas, Lady Flavia uses the passage quoted to support her supposition that the Urim is a crystal and the Thummim a reflective bowl. That the Holy Grail, whether the actual Chalice of the Last Supper or not, was a most powerful focus for the "rays" of the Divine Light, Wisdom and Beneficence few will dispute, but in Israel it was in the Holy of Holies that the Divine Shekinah or Visible Splendour of God manifested.

E. J. LANGFORD GARSTIN

The Conquest of Devil's Island. By CHARLES PEAN. (Max Parrish, London. 188 pp. 1953. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

The Conquest of Devil's Island is written by Charles Péan, an officer of the Salvation Army in France, who went to the Penal Settlement in French Guiana, commonly known as Devil's Island, in 1928 and reported on conditions there and returned in 1933 in charge of the Salvation Army's mission to the Penal Settlement and remained until the Settlement was closed in 1952.

The Penal Settlement was founded in 1842 to colonize French Guiana with convicts sent from France and her colonies, in accordance with ideas then prevalent in Europe that transportation of convicts overseas was a suitable instrument for colonization. But while other Colonial Powers abandoned transportation before the close of the last century, France continued it half way through this century. As an instrument of colonization it has been a ghastly failure.

Charles Péan describes the inhumanities of the various camps in the Settlement into which the convicts were divided, depending on whether they were *transportés*: *i.e.*, convicted of the more serious crimes, such as homicide;

or *relégués*: old offenders between 21 and 60 years of age who had been convicted of specified crimes; or *déportés*: political offenders. But the punishment which he censured most strongly was *doublage*: the liability of the convict to remain in French Guiana after the termination of his sentence for an equivalent period to his sentence if his sentence did not exceed eight years or for life if it exceeded eight years. This he considered more severe than the original sentence because the *libéré*, as the convict was then called, was turned out of prison and had to make his own living and that was impossible in French Guiana, as it was devoid of employment opportunities for the *libérés* or any one else.

French Guiana was little other than a penal settlement. The main purpose of the Salvation Army's mission was to improve the lot of the *libérés* until *doublage* was abolished and in that it succeeded. At the same time its officers in France pressed the French Government unceasingly to abolish the Penal Settlement and especially *doublage*. In June 1938 the French Government decided that no more convicts should be transported to French Guiana, but nothing was then done to repatriate those already there. The second world war accelerated this. The collapse of France and the cutting off of supplies compelled the prison administration to release the convicts and they escaped in large numbers to neighbouring countries. Some volunteered for military service. After the war the French Government decided to repatriate those left in French Guiana and from 1946 to 1952 shipments of convicts were taken away.

The *Bagne*, another name by which the Penal Settlement was known, had lasted a century and French Guiana was changed for the better by its passing. The Salvation Army had done a noble work, not only by improving the lot of the convicts and especially of the *libérés* in the last years of the existence of the *Bagne*, but in stimulating the French Government to bring to an end this evil. To that decision the Howard League for Penal Reform in England also contributed something by ventilating the inhumanities in the *Bagne* and influencing public opinion.

C. W. W. GREENIDGE

THE INDIAN INSTITUTE OF CULTURE

[This sensitive and poetic essay was specially written by **Miss Lucy Embury** of New Canaan, Connecticut, U. S. A., on the invitation of the Indian Institute of Culture. It was read and appreciatively received at a Public Discussion Meeting of the Institute, held on June 18th, 1953, at which Janab Mohamed Sheriff presided. "Earth and the Arab" breathes a sense of human fellowship that recognizes no frontiers and a grateful acceptance of beauty wherever found, whether natural or fashioned by the hand of man—both all too rare. The writer sent in a foreword to her essay the following message to her "honourable and honoured friends of India":—

"...To speak with you seems to me a great responsibility and a great privilege, for the spirit of your land stood in high flower before ever my land was found by voyagers from Europe. A voice from America is but the voice of a child addressing a Sage—that Wise Ancient whom we call India. So it is in all humility that...these few words are sent.

"Even as butterflies, at Earth's invitation in the season of migration, lift fragile wings and dare the chartless miles of ocean, so these words lift invisible wings to cross the spaces of land and sea which divide me from you—carrying the gold pollen of gratitude and friendship!"—Ed.]

EARTH AND THE ARAB

The Arab has become a man of cities. In the beginning he belonged to Earth, as did all Humankind. From Earth Man learned the Arts. Water and winds taught him to sing. Mountains and suns showed him the miracle of colours, and the animals—the hares and the camels—gave their fur for brushes, even as the soil itself gave metal-rust and plant-juices with which a man might paint. Sea-surge and shells and his own breath—these blent into one music. Primal Man was all ears and eyes and alert spirit. He lived close to mighty mystery, to untamed land and tameless waters, to silent stars and seasons striding in majesty overhead. All around him were glory and terror, prowling beasts and towering trees, vast stretches of sand too, shining by day, shimmering by night.

Fate placed the Arab upon the sand. Early he learned to know the irresistible, siren desert where small, desperate streams run between pink oleanders till the sands rise up and hide them. The sands are seldom quiet—they whisper and creep, cover over the works of humans and lift themselves in golden shapes against far horizons. Desert space and desert time are endless. Only cities rise and fall. Always Earth triumphant remains! So, long, long ago, the Arabs discovered, yet were not discouraged. They could not conquer the land but they could live upon it. Little by little, through the centuries, they coaxed camels, horses, sheep and donkeys into their service and partook of the fruits of trees. The stately date palm became their friend and the humbler olive. To those who respect her Earth gives liberally.

This bounty and beauty on every side, the wonders of land and sea—whence came they? Who made them? Watching, questioning, the soul of the Arab stretched up to touch God, the Great Creator. Out of worship and wonder the Arts come to birth. So it was with the first Arabs. So it was with the first artists everywhere, from India to Arabia, from Africa to Alaska.

No thinking being could sail the Indian Ocean, glimpse the gorgeous shells strewn lavishly over its floor, without some sense of awe, of reverence. A thousand, thousand bits of gleam within the shadowy depths to delight the searching eye or to lie unseen—a myriad beautiful sea-shapes born out of divine whimsy and joy! Of all the

"Seven Seas" the Indian Ocean is richest in shells, it is reported. On the shelf in this room where I write lies a Turban Shell, which conchologists call *Turbo imperialis*. Its shape and its exquisite iridescence suggest an Oriental turban and may well have been the Arabic weaver's inspiration. Arabic ships were coasting out to India before 650 B.C. and those hardy sailors no doubt brought home shells. The size and brilliance of these sea snails must have astonished them. They were used to small, silvery land snails which cling to and cover the desert bushes like brittle blossoms at certain seasons. I saw them in February literally by thousands on the thorn shrubs of the Sahara beyond Sousse, southern Tunisia, as we rolled inland toward Kairouan, once a great Islamic capital, still a place of pilgrimage. An arresting sight were these shelled creatures wreathed along the spiny branches with such flower-like effect!

Snails have the distinction of being the oldest unchanged form of life on our globe, according to Charles R. Knight, an authority on prehistoric animal life, whose murals enrich a number of American Museums. Before the waters were parted from the dry lands, as we now know them, the snails were creeping about in their spiral houses—little snails and medium-sized and large. The Green Snail (*Turbo marmoratus*) is giant among them—eight inches high—and from the earliest known ages was prized by Scandinavian monarchs, who mounted such shells in silver and studded them with gems for use as drinking cups. The uses which nations have made of shells is a whole story in itself.

Music has been made with shells by some peoples, and somewhere I have heard that a conch-shell, the *Shankha*, is the oldest wind instrument of India. But the Arabs listened to the sound of reeds which rustled along the river-rims. From these their herders' pipes were shaped—simple, clear-voiced instruments which fit their need and landscape. Upon the slopes where flocks graze one hears the age-old plaintive tunes today. The Arabs have more complex instruments, of course. The *rebâb*, for instance, a one-stringed sort of fiddle or violin with a box-like body from which plaintive tune is evoked by a bow. The *rebâb's* body has a frame of wood over which parchment is stretched. Its string is black horsehair, as is also the bow-string. Another type of Arabian fiddle, called *kemangeh*, has two strings and the player draws out sound with a shorter bow. Both of these are primitive instruments which any son of the desert may make for himself from materials at hand. The horsehair, the sheepskin, the small pieces of wood—these are available at every oasis.

At the courts of the Caliphs, in the cities of Syria and Arabia, far more elaborate and costly instruments were developed centuries ago. To Syria belongs the *oud*, a long-necked lute, faced with white wood inlaid with ivory —a graceful thing whose twelve strings (four wire, eight gut) are waked to life by a small plectrum. From Arabia into Algeria came the *kuitra*, shaped rather like a melon, with four pairs of catgut strings. Then there is the *kuniberi*, a guitar-type whose body is the shell of a tortoise. The *kuniberi* has only two gut strings and is also played with a plectrum. But the endless variations of Arabic musical instruments must be left to the connoisseur, the student with time to devote to this fascinating pursuit. For us, now, it is enough to know that wherever the Arab travelled, music travelled with him—a spirit echo and companion!

Bagdad during the 8th and 9th centuries became a great musical centre.

On all sides were heard the voices of male and female singers, accompanied by the tamboura and the lute. They were the delight of the palaces of Bagdad, Damascus, and Aleppo in Asia; of Cordova, of Toledo, and of Granada in Spain.[1]

[1] F. J. Fetis. *Histoire Generale de la Musique, depuis les temps les plus anciens jusqu'a nos jours.* 5 vols. (Paris, 1869)

The renowned lute-player, Alfarabi,[2] who was able by his music to make his listeners laugh or weep or fall asleep as he chose, was summoned from his home in Spain to the court of the Caliph at Bagdad, where he charmed the people of the city by his magical performance. Music is magic—a blend of earth-song and soul-song. The Arabs felt this, even those whose senses were blunted by the life of cities. At the heart of their capitals the Caliphs had rose gardens and running streams—small reminiscences of Earth's eternal song. And they coaxed minstrels[3] to their gardens, rewarded them with dinars. Gold gleams against the eye but gives no refreshment! This the surfeited rulers knew —coin for song—a cheap exchange.

Yet in the leisure of palaces the musicians and the physicians talked together, wrote treatises, penned theories down on paper with words. A "Book of Sounds" was written by Chalil, a "Theory of Composition" by El Kindi. A physician of the 11th century, Ibnol Heisem, expounded "The Influence of Musical Melodies on the Souls of Animals." Even earlier, the celebrated philosopher-physician known to the West as Avicenna, but to his own race as Ibn Sina, recognized the healing power of music over troubled minds. Avicenna was born in the year 980 A.D. at Bokhara, a place of mosques and melilot. An extraordinary man who administered medicine to several Sultans and whose medical system long remained the standard for succeeding generations. The closing years of his life were spent in Hamadan, Persia, where he died (1037 A. D.) after faithful service as Vizier to the Amir. Music was indeed a potent master, a moral force—so Hadji Chalfa taught, saying that

> the soul which has been ravished by melody longs to behold higher beings, to share in a purer world; so that even spirits which are darkened by the grossness of the body are by it prepared for, and rendered susceptible to, intercourse with the Figures of Light which stand before the throne of the Almighty.[4]

These things have long been known by the East, both the Near East, where mostly the Arabs reside, and the Far East where India reigns. India, mother of many dreams, rich in wisdom. The East has never cut herself away from reverence and mystery, as has the West, to its loss. A skyscraper spawns no souls and songs as does a forest. Some seasons ago Dhan Gopal Mukerji was speaking in this country, relating how flute-music held a wild animal in spell beyond his window—a leopard, I think it was. He told, too, of his boyhood education, of sitting on a mountainside with his teacher, listening in silence—the two together—to the breathing of the grasses. It seemed to me then, and it seems to me still, a marvellous way to educate a child! Attunement to the Earth, a oneness with it—this is the first song of wisdom, of inner light. O unseen friends of the ancient East, do not forego your sagacious ways, I beg of you! Starvation of body is less terrible than starvation of soul.

Lately I have been rereading Laurence Binyon's book, *The Spirit of Man in Asian Art.*[5] His contemplation of Oriental prints flowered into illuminating, sympathetic sentences. He speaks of how science has slashed life into small fragments and of how mastery of Nature for material uses has destroyed the wholeness of life here in the West. He extols the intuitiveness of the true artist because "he is more complete, because in him the life of the senses, the life of the intellect, and the life of the emotions combine into one. *He thinks through feeling....*" The italics are mine. "There is no history of human happiness." So Binyon writes.

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[2] Carl Engel. *An Introduction to the Study of National Music.* (London, 1866)

[3] John Frederick Rowbotham. *A History of Music.* 3 vols. (London, 1885)

[4] Quoted by Ambros from Chalfa's own sayings.

[5] (Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A. 1936)

> And yet, if there is no written history, there is a record of human happiness, of human joy; the record of man's art. And that record has one great advantage over the history of historians; it is true. It is the expression of the spirit of man.

Binyon makes very clear what Western man has lost through becoming absorbed in self. He is a prisoner among mind-created things. He has forgotten the secret communion between the human soul and the world-life around him known to all the East —that "harmony between its own life of nature; the flowing out and flowing in" which was part of every valley village of olden China.

> There is a real poetry in that temper of mind which will not celebrate any normal event in life—birth, marriage, death, the building of a house, the sowing of the crops—without invoking the spirits supposed to dwell in earth and air, in the streams and the trees and the clouds.

Binyon was one of those rather rare Occidentals who approached the art of the East with an open mind, a glow of imagination, an effort to truly apprehend it. His lecture on "Early Indian Art" might well be read by every one of us here in the West, most especially by our barren and hasty artists—those who sit in city studios spinning out neurotic fictions far from either inner or outer reality. Modern man's sickness of soul shows nowhere more clearly than in the field of the arts. His expressions are full of falsity; they reveal his repudiation of the noble, the honourable, the fine, the divine! Let him listen to Binyon, harken to time-proven precepts:—

> The Indian artist would paint from memory, but a memory severely trained by watching...there is a pervasive sympathy with the life of animals and birds, and trees and flowers: a sort of warmth and glow in the vision of life on the fruitful earth...but always mingled with these is the presence of a spiritual element....We must remember what filled the minds of these Indian artists.

Yes, indeed we must! And more than ever today. We must remember, too, the Arabs and the earth, be grateful for all they have given us; especially perhaps for the gift of the arch—the arch round as a head bowed in prayer, pointed as finger-tips pressed together in petition toward heaven, intricate as wind-lifted leaves. Along desert streams the slender-foliaged oleanders grow, graceful, silvery, and curving. No doubt the lively Arab eye drew in their beauty and seasons later converted it into a static arc, an adornment and support for his houses of worship.

Since history's beginning, in all races, the religious impulse has ever proved a quickener of artistic expression. In the wake of Islamic fervour, which flowed like quicksilver East and West after the Prophet's death, went the arch. Blent with Indian genius, it flowered in the Taj Mahal, that dream of sorrowing Shah Jahan dropped down upon a lake. In the westward world Islam came into final high flower in the Alhambra, whose rhythmic arches still move visitors to the Iberian Peninsula.

Yet the arch did not originate in Arabia. Long centuries before, as early as 2000 B.C., the Assyrians were building arched entrances. In Alexander Speltz's fascinating volume, *Styles of Ornament*,[6] such a portal is shown, handsomely decorated with a double row of daisy-like shapes—the same motif one still sees painted on Tunisian carts. And Sir John Gardner Wilkinson, the distinguished 19th-century Egyptologist, states that the ancient Nile valley dwellers also used arches.

The Arab, however, was not content with simple arcs; his exuberant fancy loved elaboration and set itself to play with curves and circle-segments. This was natural to him. For generations his people had been watchers of the heavens, across which the round sun and the silent moon ever sailed. He saw the moon change its size, assume the slender grace of a sickle. He noted, too, his horse's hoof-prints on the sand. Out of his watching and meditation an exquisite, fantastic art was born; new shapes came into being.

[6] (Bruno Hessling, Berlin. 1906)

The horseshoe arch, the open horseshoe arch, the Moorish ogee-arch, the ploy-foil arch—these are Arabic contributions to architecture.

Who can say what man first felt the horseshoe shape stirring within him? The soul of man is a secret oasis. Without soul there can be no creation. Mind may be a spinner of shapes but it is spirit which breathes life into them, makes them vibrate and speak.

Instinct guided the early Arabic architects but later Islamic builders were guided by rule. About 1424 A.D., Ilias Aali, architect for the famous Brusa Mosque, originated rules for the new style known as Ottoman. Later designers, notably Chaireddin, who built the Mosque of Sultan Bajazet at Constantinople, and after him, Sinon, established three distinctive Architectural Orders—the Oblique-edge, the Breccia, the Crystal—which deviated from the earlier classical expressions of Greece and Rome (Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, Tuscan, Composite). This Ottoman expression was a sort of last flare-up of Arabic fantasy and because of its fixation, it soon became frozen. Before this happened, however, the use of plants gave the style an attractive fluidity of effect. The lotus, symbol of eternal youth, so long used in Egyptian ornamentation, was supplanted by the pomegranate, betokening health and longevity. The amaranth, gourd, melon, and canary-bird flowers were likewise decoratively used. The Arabs have ever had a reverence for plants, a passion for flowers. In North Africa today many a man wears a narcissus fastened to his *checcia*, tapping his ear, filling his nostril with fragrance and his heart with delight. At heart they are a poetic people and they deem the tamarisk a holy tree. In spring, when the winds go through its branches, the white blossoms sing to themselves: "Allah, Allah..." So the Arabs say.

Wander where you will in the wake of the Arabs and you will find arches and echoes of earth, whether it be in India, Turkestan, Persia, Syria, Turkey, the Barbary States or Spain—yes, or even in America in our own day, where, along the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts, houses of Moorish model march! The genius of ancient Islam is not yet spent but reverberates in beauty throughout the modern world. Listen to what Etienne Dinet, the French artist and great interpreter of Arabic civilization has to say:—

> How precious are the creations of Moslem art!...Radiant stained glass, variegated glassware, stuffs worked with gold or silver wire, sparkling silks, damaskeened, inlaid bronzes, exquisite miniatures ..do they not all sing of the glory of Islam?....the heavy hemispherical dome of Byzantium was improved by adopting the pure outline of the Saracen helmet. The curves of the commonplace arcade became the graceful ogive, or the proud, far-extending arch. The vulgar towers were metamorphosed into elegant minarets, leaping toward peaks of ecstasy....Europe was dazzled by all its (Islam's) marvels and borrowed largely from the decorative and architectural genius of the Arabs. Deep research would soon prove that it owes much more to it than to Greek or Latin antiquity....We may point out as a curious fact that according to the historian Dulaure, Arab architects were employed in the work of building the Parisian Cathedral of Notre Dame.[7]

In truth, history is more fruitful than fiction! More dramatic also, in its interweavings of climes and cultures, for when in the 11th century (1060-1090 A.D.) the Normans encountered the Saracens in Sicily, the pointed arch entered northern France and gave an ageless beauty to the Gothic cathedrals that were "built as an offering to the glory of the Most High God."

LUCY EMBURY

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[7] *The Life of Mohammad the Prophet of Allah*. By E. DINET and SLIMAN BEN IBRAHIM. (The Paris Book Club, Paris, France.)

ENDS AND SAYINGS

" _____ *ends of verse*
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

Democracy rests primarily not on economic or political factors, but on human attitudes and relations, Dr. Floyd H. Ross of the University of Southern California told the audience at the Indian Institute of Culture, Basavangudi, Bangalore, on November 24th. His lecture on "America and India: Partners in Democracy" was under the chairmanship of Shri M. Narayana Rao, Principal of the Government Law College.

America and India were partners in democracy in the sense that both were exploring what living democratically meant. The theoretical meaning of democracy was known; the difficulty was in putting it into practice in fundamental relations with other human beings, beginning with the family.

Both countries had gained freedom from the same foreign power, India by the more intelligent way of non-violence, following the lead of Gandhiji. But intelligent followers were necessary besides leaders to solve the problems in the wake of freedom—people who could become fellow-pilgrims in the search for better standards for society, education and life. We had to learn to live together in one world.

Superficial differences had to be minimized to escape egocentric preoccupation. Each made his own world. The paranoiac made his out of prejudices, enmities and suspicions. Democracy emerged when individuals became candidates for maturity and built in terms of revised attitudes. The overcoming of fears required insight into the fundamental oneness of human beings, their needs, urges and desires. Among the basic needs were security and the recognition of one's worth as a human being. This recognition sometimes depended on others' attitude. Mental illness resulted from isolation from vital contacts with others.

Many who were adults in years still harboured old suppressed resentments, or were tortured by anxieties for the future, instead of living intelligently in the Eternal Now. Gautama Buddha had grappled with the problem posed by anxieties and cravings, or the attaching of importance to the wrong things.

Group conflicts and antipathies were a tragic waste of vital energy. In such cases many felt insecure and threatened and channels of communication had to be built up. The atmosphere of free acceptance of others without judging or coercion was very necessary. Community emerged when people cooperated constructively, making every act one of social dedication and of sacrifice of the narrow, egocentric self.

As Chancellor of the Delhi University, Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, addressing its convocation on the 4th of December, referred to the defect of "inattention to culture" in universities which was "one of the factors for the increasing unrest that we find in our students." Owing to the industrial development in the country there is "a rush for admissions in scientific and technological courses." None need regret the motive of young people favouring these subjects, but these do not give the mental refinement, calmness of outlook and elevation of heart emotions as do good courses in the humanities. Only a few years ago our law colleges drew large numbers of graduates; nowadays the spheres of economics and certain sciences absorb these. As Dr. Radhakrishnan pointed out, scientific training has its value, but it should not be allowed to blind us to the vital truth that the humanities culture the mind and the heart in a different dimension.

For example, the detachment of a scientific mind is very different from the *vairagya* of a humane intellect. Study of science somehow hardens a person's outlook instead of imparting a mellowness and breadth to it.

Dr. Radhakrishnan said that the great achievements of science have brought about concern amongst the peoples of the world. The Prime Minister of England has recently said that these achievements might bring about security to the whole of mankind "if we choose rightly." Dr. Radhakrishnan was right in his comments:—

> To choose aright depends not so much on scientific study or material advantages you gain, it depends on the perception of ideals, on the moral judgment of the community. These things can be absorbed by a study of philosophy, of literature, of religion, of great classics of our world.

Introducing Mr. Frank Dawtry, the Secretary of the National Association of Probation Officers who spoke on: The Report and Evidence of the Royal Commission on Capital Punishment 1949-53, at the London Branch of the Indian Institute of Culture on November 6th, 1953, the Chairman, Mr. George Godwin, described how dedicated and how understanding probation officers had to be. Their task of training criminals to become good citizens was increasingly important with the decline of the desire for revenge in society, which desire itself had an element of the criminal in it. The view of the good probation officer—and Mr. Dawtry had been outstanding—should be given weight.

Mr. Dawtry explained that on a free vote the House of Commons had passed an amendment to the Criminal Justice Bill, 1948, suspending the death penalty for the trial period of a year. The House of Lords had rejected it. So to placate the considerable body of opinion on both sides of the House of Commons the Government set up a Royal Commission. This background showed how very nearly capital punishment had been abolished, and how obtuse in penal matters the Law Lords had been once again, over the pillory in 1837, flogging in 1938, now capital punishment in 1948.

Mr. Dawtry explained that the Commissioners had failed to find a satisfactory compromise modifying the death penalty which would be acceptable to British law, though in India and the United States there were suitable forms of limitation. They had concluded that the only solution lay in the abolition of the death penalty unless it was seen to be clearly retributive, reformative or deterrent. Retribution was ruled out; and it could hardly be claimed to be reformative. Overlooking whether it was right to kill in order to deter others from doing likewise, the Commissioners had examined the case for deterrence by seeing what had happened in other countries before and after abolition. They found that it had never been followed by an increase of murders.

Having found that there was nothing uniquely deterrent about the death penalty the Commissioners, not being allowed to recommend its abolition, put forward some suggestions as to how the number of murderers sentenced to death might be reduced, which drew attention to the case for the abolition of capital punishment.

Mr. Dawtry said that a murderer was almost always a first offender. There was only one case known in the last 50 years of a reprieved murderer committing a second murder.

Concluding, Mr, Dawtry said that he did not expect capital punishment to be abolished now in Great Britain because a few horrible recent crimes had made the public hard. On the other hand, he foresaw a continued reduction in executions, till eventually sentences would be carried out so rarely that the system would seem terrible even to those who callously demanded its retention now.